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THE THREE SONGS.

[From the German of Uhland.]

KING SIEGFRIED sat in his lofty hall;
"Ye Minstrels, who sing me the best song of all!"
And a Youth stepped forth from the waiting band,
His sword on his thigh, and his harp in his hand.
"Three lays have I learned; the first is a song,
Forgotten, King Siegfried, it may be too long;
'Tis—foully by thee my brother was slain,
Aye, foully by thee—I sing it again!"
"Now list to the second; I caught its wild tone,
As I roamed through the dark, stormy midnight alone;
For life or for death, we must battle we twain,
For life or for death—I sing it again!"
Then down on the table he lays his harp,
And leap from the scabbards their swords so sharp;
And long they fight, in the sight of all,
Till the King falls dead in the lofty hall.
"Now I sing the third song; 'tis the best of the three,
Nor soon shall its music grow tiresome to me;
In his own red blood King Siegfried lies slain,
In his own red blood—I sing it again!"

W. A. B.

Drafts at Sight on the Southwest.

NO. VII.

A CHAPTER ON THE DEER.

Some love the green wood's shady grove,
And some the mountain side,
Some would in peaceful valleys rove,
And in their rich fields pride.
The prairie's grass-waved, landward sea,
The broad expanse of green,
And countless herds of deer, to me
Are better far I ween.

Of all the animals with whose natural history I am acquainted, the Red Deer is the most curious. Curious in both significations of the word are they, singular in all their habits, and also possessing a greater share of pure unmistakable curiosity, than falls to the lot of any other living things that boast of four legs to carry them through the world. I have sometimes thought the generic term, *DEAR woman*, had been bestowed upon the sex by some mighty hunter, who, equally cunning in the field and boudoir, thus embodied and conceal-

ed a fine sugar-coated sarcasm, and capital pun.

The deer appears to me to have been intended for a domestic animal; and we have none that so soon becomes familiar *with*, and attached to man. Run down a fawn of two or three months, throw him across your saddle in front of you, and as soon as you have reached home, you may set the little fellow upon the ground, and leave him untied and unwatched, for the short ride of a mile or so in your company is quite sufficient to thoroughly tame him.

Be careful, however, lest you meddle or make with those of a more advanced age. Their hoofs cut like razors, and every muscle in their bony leg has the force and elasticity of a bow-string.

The stories travellers are wont to tell concerning the dangers to be apprehended from bears, catamounts, wolves, and wild cats, are all a gigantic humbug.

Wolves—at least southern ones—are cowardly as whipped curs. A catamount or panther is a huge creature in truth, and doubtless might make a formidable fight—and so might an ox; and is in fact quite as likely to. I have slept upon the ground night after night, without the least apprehension, in a thicket where I knew catamounts abounded, and although they left the sign manual of their huge paws in the sand, about the camp, they never dared meddle with the inmates.

The bear has a species of sullen courage, when too closely pressed, too badly treated, or—especially if a female, should the family circle and the little ones be too rudely intruded on. But leave Bruin to himself, don't tread upon his toes, and he is a very respectable, quiet, stupid individual, with a species of surly humor and fun about him, that is excessively amusing. The tiger cat, or wild cat, is harmless as far as anything larger than poultry is concerned; at least I have never known of more than one person being injured by one of them, and he brought the punishment upon himself.

A sailor had escaped from some man-of-war at Savannah; fearful of being retaken, and meeting the punishment of a deserter, he made a straight wake up the river for Augusta. Before entering the town, he determined to reconnoitre a little, or as he would have expressed it, *stand off and on*, and pick up a stray negro perhaps, who might furnish him with food and information.

Fatigued with his hasty journey, honest Jack turned in, in a dense thicket, hoping to recruit his wasted energies, and brighten his brain with a cat's nap, which, however, was but of short duration. A mingled howling, yelling, spitting, barking, and caterwauling, in his immediate vicinity, suddenly awoke him, and jumping up in haste, he beheld a huge wild cat backed up against a tree, doing battle against some dozen hounds, whelps, and curs, of every degree.

Now, everybody acquainted with Jack's idiosyncrasies, knows that Nature or Neptune has implanted in his breast a singular fondness for out-of-the-way birds and beasts; and our worthy friend could not resist the temptation of making captive so charming a stranger.

Drawing off his monkey jacket, he cautiously approached the tree where sat the chivalrous cat, not dreaming of her new enemy, and suddenly throwing the said jacket over the cat, he enfolded her in it, and drew her to him in a close, if not loving embrace.

He had better have hugged the *gunner's daughter*, for the alarmed and infuriated beast fastened upon him, and tore away with tooth and toe-nail. Poor Jack, not emulous of repeating the tale of the Spartan boy and fox, cast off from the strange sail as soon as he could get clear of her grapples, and then had to make the best of his way into town for medical assistance.

I presume he learnt from this the necessity of giving strange craft a wide berth when cruising in strange latitudes without a chart.

I am sorry to demolish the wonderful tales of so many of our western travellers at one blow, but I can assure my readers that as far as my experience serves, the beasts of prey of the Southwest are a perfectly harmless and much-abused race of individuals, and that a person incurs more danger from passing through a barnyard, when occupied by its horses, cows, and oxen, than from staying a week in the wild woods, and listening to the nightlong serenade of the wolf, and the rattle of other and larger beasts in the cane.

But from the *stock* cattle of the prairies there is real danger. And the deer—like dear woman again—when thoroughly aroused, is no contemptible enemy, as any one will believe who has seen a buck with his hair thrown back, and his flashing eyes, preparing for a charge.

I knew a very worthy old gentleman who, *en route* for Texas, had been shipwrecked, and lost all his worldly goods, save and except the *materfamilias*, and a dozen or so of youngsters of both sexes, all provided by dame Nature with prodigious mouths, and appetites to match.

For some time after their exodus, the family practised a series of experiments—like the Milesian horse educated to live on nothing—to ascertain how near they might approach the verge of starvation without going quite over the dam, and when at last the old gentleman became the possessor of a musket, there was great rejoicing among his famishing brood.

Like many others, he imagined that as there were always great numbers of deer upon the prairie, all that he had to do was to go out and shoot them down; but being no great sportsman—a Quaker to boot, and therefore not to the manor—of shooting—born, he made a sad mistake.

Loading his musket in such a manner that it would probably do execution at one end if it did not on the other, he sallied forth a-field.

At a distance a large drove of deer were quietly cropping the prairie grass, and towards them he bent his way. Having heard the mode of *crawling for deer* described, when he had approached them somewhat, down he dropped upon his knees and commenced Nebuchadnezzarizing towards his intended victims, drawing his gun behind him. It was slow and wearisome work, and the old gentleman was wheezing and panting along like a high-pressure

steamer, when he suddenly heard something behind him blowing rather harder than his own pipe.

He turned, and right in his track a large buck was following, smelling and snuffing the trail, his eye flashing, his hair all turned the wrong way, and the beast evidently quite ready for a fight. Not so our friend—but dropping his musket, without a thought of putting it to its legitimate use, off he went instead of his gun, and scoured for home to endure the reproaches of his wife and family, and to have his first and last hunting adventure fastened to him, a joke in *perpetuo*.

I knew an instance of a man who had been at the house of a neighbor to borrow a shovel, and was returning home with the implement upon his shoulder, when a large buck made a fierce and entirely unprovoked attack upon him.

Being a determined and powerful man, he gave the pugnacious animal rather more than a Roland for his Oliver, and finally laid him out—or as he said, *made meat* of him;—but for the aid of the shovel aforesaid the result might have been different. Spades, certainly, were trumps with him.

The most singular affair of the kind that ever occurred to my knowledge, was a regular up and down fight, between a wounded buck and an old, experienced, and athletic hunter. The latter had crossed the bayou, upon whose brink his cabin stood, and in a very short time crawled up to a fine deer, who fell in his tracks at the rifle's crack.

There are three things to be done when a deer is shot down, and your true hunter seldom neglects them—he first reloads his rifle—then hamstring his game—then cuts its throat. Our hunter imprudently neglected the first precaution, and thinking the deer dead, or entirely *hors de combat*, drew his hunting knife, and approached with the intention of cutting the hamstrings. A sad mistake he made; for just as he was about to cut, the deer gave him such a kick as a deer *can* give, the man landed upon his back, and the knife went—heaven knows where.

In an instant, both the deer and our friend were upon their feet—the deer rushed at the man, who catching his horns in his hands and giving them a violent twist, down went both of the combatants; this was repeated again and again, until the contending parties were entirely exhausted.

At last, the quadruped marched off a few rods, and stood looking intently at the biped. The latter, after patiently waiting for half an hour, endeavored to creep to the spot where his gun was lying. In an instant the deer was upon him, and again the same scene was repeated. Once more the deer left him, and this time our hunter had the good sense to lie perfectly still until night-fall, when the deer slowly moved off, and the man then crawled on his hands and knees—for walk he could not—to the bank of the bayou, and by his shouts obtained assistance. He was taken over to his cabin, and there lay for nearly two months before he recovered from his severe bruises.

The yearly shedding of the deer's horns is not the least singular peculiarity of the animal. The horns commence growing at the end of the second year; in one year after, they drop off and soon reappear with an additional point, so that to ascertain the age of the animal, all that you have to do, is to count the points upon either horn, and by adding two to them you will obtain a correct result.

I have mentioned the curiosity of the deer,

and truly their inquisitive disposition is marvellous; it overcomes their timidity, and frequently proves fatal to them.

Place yourself in a tuft of high prairie grass, within sight of, and not too far from a drove, and by popping up one arm, then another, then your foot, then waving a handkerchief from the end of your ramrod, you will soon have the animals' curiosity thoroughly awakened.

First they will sniff the air, to endeavor to ascertain by the scent what new creature has made his appearance in their domain; then they will commence walking slowly up to you, nor stop until satisfied that it is a man, or met with your rifle-ball.

They make very troublesome pets; perfectly at home, they will roam over every part of the field, garden, and house, poke their noses in the dairy—taste the milk, upset a pan or two, and if they meet with anything not to their liking, give it a butt with their head, or horns, if they have any—walk out, nip a cabbage or so, eat a few sweet potatoe vines, try a dozen roses, and perhaps finish their lunch with a cambric handkerchief or a choice bit of a flannel petticoat, should there be any spread out upon the grass. I have even seen one make fair headway with a chew of tobacco, although he ultimately came to the conclusion that it was *not* good for his complaint.

Upon one point I have never met with any exaggeration—the abundance of deer and other species of game in the prairies and timber lands of Texas,—and in fact it would be difficult to exaggerate.

I have lived upon the bank of a bayou, and counted night after night, from five or six to twenty droves come down to the stream to drink.

They are *there*,—plain to be seen; killing them is, however, entirely a different affair, and few persons ever become successful hunters. You may ride among them, and you will find them more approachable and less timid than even the stock cattle; but dismount, and they are shy enough.

The most successful mode, and the most practised one of hunting them, is to *crawl*; that is, upon discovering a drove near you, go down upon your hands and knees, getting a tree or a prairie mound before you, and slowly approach the deer, and if you are very fortunate, and have patience enough, you may get a shot at them; provided, always, your gun will go off.

The most uniformly fortunate hunters are negroes; some of whom, trained to the business to supply a plantation with meat, seem to make a sure thing of it. I remember one in particular, that, to my knowledge, was sent out usually as often as twice a week after meat, and during a period of a year he failed but once; and then, overtaken with an ague fit, he was forced to seek shelter under the shade of a tree, and give up to it.

This fellow seemed to hunt by intuition; he would leave his hat at home, tie a flaming red bandanna around his woolly scone, and marching off quite unconcernedly into the prairie, seat himself in a place where you would be sure the drove in sight would never visit; yet there would he sit, motionless as a statue, and it seemed that the deer never failed to put themselves within reach of his fatal rifle.

Hunting anything is hard work; but hunting deer is worse than all other. There is more danger of tearing your clothes from your back, scratching face and hands, and bruising limbs in a bear hunt, but then there is the superior excitement of the latter.

A man *does* meet with so many woeful dis-

appointments in the former, that, after a few attempts, nine persons out of ten resign in disgust all pretension to *Nimrodism* in that line.

Par Exemple, one fine winter's morning I crossed the stream, gun in hand, having previously announced at the breakfast-table my intention not to return without meat. Whereat every one laughed, as the same determination had been heard before, from more than one about the board, without being succeeded by any very decided results.

As I was saying, I crossed the bayou, and then looked around me for my game, but none were in sight, where usually hundreds were to be found.

Near the stream was a fine grove of trees, and one of these I ascended, for the purpose of "prospecting," as a Californian would say, for deer. I looked around the wide prairie, and finally discovered one solitary animal at a distance of perhaps a mile, and after him I started, knowing that with but one chance I must take especial pains and caution.

When I had diminished the space between us by one half, down I dropped, and went to *creeping*, for fear my intended prey might discover me; and once seen, all hope of getting him would be lost.

Here let me remark, that one of those gentle, genial showers—which occasionally visit Texas in winter, sometimes beginning and ending with it—although of but ten days' duration, had drenched the prairie, and left a standing coat and covering of water, from one to two feet in depth.

Under these circumstances, the reader will perhaps appreciate the true delight I must have experienced in creeping upon hands—or on one hand, the other of necessity sustaining my gun above the water—and knees, through half a mile of sharp, high grass, and particularly cool water.

When I had, not perambulated, but genuflected over what I supposed to be a sufficient distance, I raised my head carefully, and looked around me. No deer was to be seen. At length, within fifteen feet of me, I spied a pair of ears, just visible above the grass; there lay my game.

"But stop," thought I, "may it not be a mule? I had better make sure, before I put my foot in it!"

I stood up, and although nothing but the ears and a small bit of the head was visible, I was satisfied that my "deer" friend, for whom I had been wading and crawling for a mortal hour, was before me. Down I sat, shook out my priming, wiped the frizen, then up again, and taking a long, deliberate aim, touched the hair trigger, and—the gun missed fire. Before the deer could have seen me—if the noise should have awakened him—down I dropped again, and this time removed my flint, and put in a fresh one, then, standing up, repeated my attempt, with no better success.

Again I took out the flint, rubbed the frizen, scratched its face, reprimed, and taking aim, again my gun missed fire.

The deer, who had been disturbed by the second snap, at the third jumped as if she had been hit, and started, off at top speed; but bleating, arrested her progress, and she turned and looked me full in the face, while I had time to take a fair aim, and—miss fire again!

Oh Job! thou Prince of Patience, who refused to boil over with rage, although covered over with boils and badgered with friends, hadst thou been in my stead, and had swearing been then invented, methinks thou wouldst have given thy tongue and temper a holiday.

What made the matter infinitely more annoying was, that when the deer was entirely out of shot, the gun which I had been snapping, finally consented to go off.

Had there been a tree near, that gun had never played me another trick.

This, however, is but the "prose" of deer-hunting; of "driving," "fire hunting," and "stalking"—of the poetry of the business—I have, as yet, said nothing, but reserve all that, and an adventure or two of mine own, for another paper.

P. P.

REVIEWS.

NEW YORK SOCIETY AND THE WRITERS THEREON.

1. *Earning a Living*. A Comedy in Five Acts. By a Citizen of New York. New York. 1849.
2. *Revue du Nouveau Monde*. Publiée les 1er et 15 de chaque mois. Par Régis de Trobriand.
3. *The Lorgnette; or, Studies of the Town*. By an Opera Goer (weekly). Henry Ker-not, New York.

SOME fifteen months ago the *American Review* threw out a hint of the ample field afforded to the satirist in New York fashionable society, and expressed some surprise that the subject seemed to be left by tacit consent of competent parties, in the hands of Mr. Willis. The field is now, it seems, to be worked in earnest, for the first time (with the above-mentioned exception) since the days of *Salmagundi*; and we are very glad of it. The observations of educated and refined men upon society and manners are not only amusing in a merely literary point of view, they are of great value to the future historian, and of present importance in representing the country correctly to the eyes of foreigners. One reason why English editors so often take their ideas of American city life from the *New York Sewer*, and other equally absurd sources, is because American gentlemen have written so little on this topic. The sketches of Mr. Willis, racy and amusing as they usually are, do not supply our desideratum. In the first place they are (at least the earliest and best of them) too evidently made up for the foreign market; in the second, they are occasionally disfigured by gross and inexcusable personality.

The play which heads our list is published anonymously, but its authorship was never made a secret, and it is generally known to be the production of Mr. McCracken, whose quaint and lively articles were the soul of the too short-lived *American Monthly*, and who, since the illness and retirement of Fitz-Greene Halleck, is generally conceded to be our first conversationalist. His return to print after several years' absence, excited much pleasure and curiosity among his numerous friends and admirers; those who had passed by the comedy without a glance on its first appearance by instalments in the *Democratic Review*, hastened to buy it in its present form, and the booksellers' stock of copies was quickly exhausted. We wish we could stop here; but a stern regard for truth compels us to proceed. The general curiosity was followed by as general a disappointment. Brilliant and witty sayings there were here and there; sparkles of gold amid a sandy waste; but the comedy as a whole was a failure; the plot uninteresting, the conclusion no way satisfactory, except that it was a conclusion. Many reasons have been assigned for this untoward event; we know of one to our minds all sufficient. Mr.

McCracken has been under the "Water Cure."

However, if not particularly funny itself, the play has been the cause of fun in others. Certain parties who fancied themselves aggrieved by allusions in it (very unjustly, for Mr. McCracken is a gentleman, and could not do anything unbecoming a gentleman), exhibited their displeasure in a very mirth-provoking manner; among others the gentlemanly and enterprising (we believe that is the phrase by newspaper established) sexton of Grace Church, Mr. Brown, who, if rumor speaks the truth, actually entertained belligerent intentions towards the author, and meditated in addition a libel suit against the publisher. The interference of discreet friends prevented this ebullition of the church militant, and the author remains unscathed by pistol or parchment. May he long remain so, and may he outlive all the bad effects of hydropathy!

M. de Trobriand is a gentleman (he used to be a nobleman, until his countrymen "reformed that indifferently") of an old Breton family, who has been for some time a resident in our city, and is favorably known as an amateur and critic in matters pertaining to art. Until recently he was connected with the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. The principal attraction of his lately started *Revue* is understood to be a series of articles on American Society, from his own pen, two or three of which have already appeared under the title "Bals de New York." Such persons as are prevented by—indolence from reading these in the original, have the advantage of finding them translated in the columns of the *Home Journal*.

The great historian of English Snobs observes very justly, that "an intelligent foreigner's testimony about a nation's manners is always worth having," and this remark is particularly applicable to our Gallic friends. True, they have a striking disinclination or inability to master any Northern language; but this, which might otherwise prove an insurmountable stumbling-block, is obviated by the prevalence of their own tongue as the fashionable dialect of the world, and they possess two qualities which eminently fit them for this task of writing on manners and customs—keen power of analysis (as their skill in pure mathematics sufficiently shows), and a happy dexterity of observation. Add to this their fondness for society; for, *ceteris paribus*, a man naturally describes that best with which he is most conversant. An Englishman in a strange country likes to talk with a compatriot about home and old times over a glass of brandy and water, while a Frenchman will be running about everywhere, making himself familiar with various classes and aspects of the people among whom he is thrown. To be sure one has to make allowance for two or three little things. In a Frenchman's statement of facts as well as in his deductions and inferences, there is too constant a reference to his own city, as if it were not merely the general model of fashion, but the very ideal of excellence in all things; and a little individual vanity also is apt to peep out—something of the "Regardez moi, O monde! venez femmes, venez voir danser Canaillard!" which Thackeray hits off so well. These allowances being made, the remarks of a French gentleman are always desirable contributions to our social speculations. And the criticism we have frequently heard made upon these sketches of M. de Trobriand, that they contained nothing but what every one knew, is to our mind no small praise. For surely it is one of the first merits and most essential requisites in writings

of this sort, that they should represent things as they are, and exhibit a picture the truth of which every person in the society of which they treat will at once recognise. One little hint, however, we must be allowed to give M. de T. It is in very bad taste to specify individuals by name (or what is the same thing, by their initials). In England the Court Circular, like the *Science of Heraldry*, is part of a systematic and venerable absurdity; any partial imitation of it on this side the Atlantic becomes simple toadyism.

The third book, or periodical, or serial, or brochure, or whatever the reader may choose to call it, on our list, is decidedly "a sign of the times." In the first place it combines wholesome severity upon prevalent follies with entire absence of vulgar personality; secondly, it is written in good grammatical, gentlemanly, old-fashioned English, undisfigured by slang, bad grammar, or doubtful metaphor; thirdly, it shows the pen of a man who has both read well and observed well. Three rare merits these nowadays. Add to which that it is neatly, we may say elegantly got up. A sufficient proof that the thing is good may be found in the curiosity to ascertain its author; and the number of persons more or less known in our literary circles, to whom it has been attributed. Messrs. Willis, McCracken, R. G. White, and Mitchell ("Ik Marvell"), have been spoken of in connexion with the *Lorgnette*, and some sharp people, doubtless on the strength of the classical quotations (not always assigned to the right authors*) in which it abounds, have laid it at the door of our contributor, Carl Benson. Two things, and two only, may be safely predicated of the numbers that have appeared. They are the work of a man who has, 1st, seen a good deal of the best society here, and 2dly, read a good deal of the best old English and old French. On such a question every one has a right to make his guess, and we are free to confess that our thoughts have frequently turned in the direction of some members of the Paulding family. There is something very Paulding in the style of the *Lorgnette*; very like the non-irving part of *Salmagundi*; reminding one partly of the standard English essayists, neat and gentlemanly, sensible, witty, and moderately satirical, without even attaining to anything like the hearty humor of Geoffrey Crayon. The sketch of "The Fashionable Man" in the second number, which has been very generally copied by our lighter journals, is worthy a place in any similar collection of essays.

After all, much remains to be said on the subject. Thus far our writers have aimed rather at exposing follies than at throwing out any hint of remedies for them. This is a necessary first step, but only the first step. Mr. Willis, in his half proper, half fashionable, amphibious Grace Churchy paper, is continually making vague shots at "social problems," and winding them up with anything but a Q. E. D. His friend, the Ex-baron, would settle all questions very summarily by referring us in all things to the standard, of his beloved and immaculate Paris. The *Lorgnette* has not deigned to let us in to any of his views, except a somewhat commonplace aspiration that we may be able to escape from "the coy-stepping, fearful, England-worshipping spirit of American criticism"—which has re-

* As for instance, where the well-known line from Terence, *homo sum, &c.*, is put down to the credit of — CATO! Nevertheless, Carl accepts the compliment, and says with all his heart *utinam scripsissem*, and would be very willing to take the bad citations for the sake of the good original matter.

ference, however, rather to literary than fashionable matters. It is very possible that in endeavoring to amend or supply the deductions or want of deductions of these writers, we shall only mar their lucid statement of the premises; still the spirit moves us so strongly to say something, that we must even take our chance. And what we have to say, be it premised out of respect to our friends at a distance, will have reference particularly and solely (unless where otherwise distinctly specified) to New York society, not merely because our Gotham is in some senses, and most certainly in a fashionable sense, the metropolis of the Union, but because to discriminate the differences and shades of fashionable life in our several cities, would require more personal observation than we have devoted to the subject, and more space than these columns allow us.

What then, to begin, are the prominent features of New York fashionable society—those for instance that would first strike an entire stranger who, armed with the proper letters and habiliments, should tumble in upon the middle of a season? The most remarkable is one which would seem at first sight rather adapted to the observation of the medical than the fashionable traveller, being a dancing epidemic of the kind well known in the history of physic. Yet such is the power of example and fashion in rendering habitual and ordinary the most abnormal states of mind and body, that we are compelled to place first among the characteristics of our exclusives the *Polkamania*, or feverish excitement after foreign dances of luscious and familiar character. Such epidemics have been of frequent occurrence. The *Tarantism* of Italy, popularly attributed by the ignorant peasantry of that country to the bite of the *Tarantula* or ground-spider, is the most notorious. "In the fourteenth century, soon after the terrible pestilence of the Black Death" (we quote from Dr. Hecker, as translated in a recent number of the *Westminster*), "a new epidemic appeared in Europe of an extraordinary character, showing itself in a violent and involuntary motion of the muscles of the legs. The physicians of the time formed the idea that if the patients were encouraged to dance until they fell down exhausted with the fatigue of the exertion, a reaction would commence by which a cure might be promoted. Bands of music were, therefore, provided for the use of the afflicted, and *airs of the Polka character* were composed, to suit the wild Bacchanalian leaps which their dancing resembled. * * * The common notion of the time, countenanced by the clergy, was, that the persons afflicted were possessed, and the patients themselves generally fell into the same belief, and acted accordingly."

The present epidemic seems to have become local in these parts during the youth of that generation which is just stepping off the stage, and we learn from an erudite historian cited in the 17th No. of *Salmagundi*, that the town is indebted for it to our friend de Trobriand's countrymen. This voracious traveller describes with much homely pathos how

"Gotham city conquered was,
And how the folks turned apes."

How the *Hoppingtots* (an obvious synonyme for the Gauls), "being impelled by a superfluity of appetite and a deficiency of the wherewithal to satisfy the same," resolved to invade our ancient and venerable city, and accordingly "capered towards the devoted place with a horrible and appalling chattering of voices." How "when their army did peregrinate

within sight of Gotham, and the people beheld the villanous and hitherto unseen capers which they made, a most horrific panic was stirred up among the citizens;" how the invaders pursued their siege day and night until "the fortification of the town began to give manifest symptoms of decay, inasmuch as the breastwork of decency was considerably broken down and the curtain work of propriety blown up;" how the Gothamites "made some semblance of defence, but their women having been all won over to the interest of the enemy, they were soon reduced to abject submission;" how the conquerors put them all to the fiddle without mercy; and terminates his melancholy narrative with this affecting conclusion: "They have waxed to be most flagrant, outrageous, and abandoned dancers; they do ponder on nought but how to gallantize it at balls, routs, and fandangos, insomuch that the like was in no time or place ever observed before. They do moreover devote their nights to the jollification of the legs and their days to the instruction of the heel. And to conclude: their young folk who whilome did bestow a modicum of leisure upon the improvement of the head, have of late utterly abandoned this hopeless task, and have quietly as it were settled themselves down into mere machines wound up by a tune and set in motion by a fiddle-stick."

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We say *disproportion of age*, for, allowing their years to be equal, as they usually are,* the lady is virtually many years in advance. A woman, all the world over, is as old at twenty as a man is at twenty-eight; that is to say, she has as much world-knowledge, as much tact, as much finesse, as much judgment of character, as much self-possession (using the term in its best sense, as distinguished from the assumed impudence of a boy fashionably christened *aplomb*), as much—cunning we were going to say, but that is rather a harsh term to apply to a lady.

Now this disproportion of ages gives rise to many serious evils; so many, that we hardly know which to begin with. The young women must despise, or at least undervalue the young men with whom they associate, as inferior to themselves in manner, tact, and conversational power. Hence they form a low opinion of men, as men, and are tempted to value them only for their external advantage,—personal beauty, skill in dancing—above all wealth. Here is a fearful incentive to mercenary marriages. But we prefer to confine ourselves to its effects on married life. The bride and

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affairs on a right footing among themselves, these outside impertinents would soon be made to know their place, as forward boys are in other parts of the world.

Thus we have come to some practical conclusion, and our remarks, so far as they go, are in a certain sense complete. But many divisions of our subject remain. The position of married women among us, the watering-place influence, the Sybaritism of our "Upper Ten," and above all, the three great questions—1. What constitutes the fashion and *quasi* Aristocracy of New York? 2. How is it possible to intellectualize this *quasi* Aristocracy (Mr. Willis's problem, at the solution of which we have made a partial shot already)? and 3. How far is it possible or desirable to put down foreign influence, and erect a purely native standard of taste, propriety, and fashion? All these things ought to have something said about them, and please Providence and the printers, we will say something about them anon.

MR. MELVILLE'S WHITE JACKET.

White Jacket; or, *The World in a Man-of-War*. By Herman Melville. Harper & Brothers.

[SECOND PAPER.]

LIFE in a man-of-war is necessarily artificial. It cannot be made altogether conformable to those conditions which are so important to the favorable development of humanity ashore. It must partake of a mechanical, mathematical character. The men must be more or less machines. This results from the character of the service upon which they are engaged, the inevitable tyranny of a forced system, that of war, which latter, though philosophers have pronounced it quite congenial to the nature of man, is altogether the contrary in the mode in which civilized nations have undertaken to carry out the instinct. Man may, perhaps, have a natural desire to break his neighbor's head on occasion, but this manifestation is generally attended with violent, sudden passion, and is quite a matter of unrestrained, lawless freedom, a very different affair from the organized combats of a brigade, or the vexatious discipline of a ship of the line.

A vessel of war is, perforce, a combination of two evils,—evils of a special character, induced upon the general stock, which humanity is subject to in every situation. First, it is a ship with a captain and crew; and secondly, it is a military machine. As a ship, its regular occupants are subject to laws and restraints, and must be so subject, which are unknown or easily to be escaped from on shore. There is the confinement in space, a fixed fact of limited feet and inches; there is the absolute necessity of constant vigilance, and a uniform routine of duties, the habit of servitude steadily kept up, for though a gale of wind does not happen every day, yet the men must be drilled, and on the look-out as if it did, the extremities of the service giving laws to its whole period. With this monotonous routine of duties is associated an entirely arbitrary element, the will of the captain, which may be soundly exercised or may be capricious, but which must be obeyed. The ship is, and must remain, to a great degree, a despotism. These are circumstances common to all vessels in the merchant service or the navy. But the latter goes a step, and a very long step further.

As the discipline of the sailor is always with reference to the utmost need of the ship, and he has constantly in his eye, as it were, a squall or a reef or an unfurled topsail, so the seven or eight hundred men of a man-of-war

ference, however, rather to literary than fashionable matters. It is very possible that in endeavoring to amend or supply the deductions or want of deductions of these writers, we shall only mar their lucid statement of the premises; still the spirit moves us so strongly to say something, that we must even take our chance. And what we have to say, be it premised out of respect to our friends at a distance, will have reference particularly and solely (unless where otherwise distinctly specified) to New York society, not merely because our Gotham is in some senses, and most certainly in a fashionable sense, the metropolis of the Union, but because to discriminate the differences and shades of fashionable life in our several cities, would require more personal observation than we have devoted to the subject, and more space than these columns allow us.

What then, to begin, are the prominent features of New York fashionable society—those for instance that would first strike an entire stranger who, armed with the proper letters and habiliments, should tumble in upon the middle of a season? The most remarkable is one which would seem at first sight rather adapted to the observation of the medical than the fashionable traveller, being a dancing epidemic of the kind well known in the history of physic. Yet such is the power of example and fashion in rendering habitual and ordinary the most abnormal states of mind and body, that we are compelled to place first among the characteristics of our exclusives the *Polkamania*, or feverish excitement after foreign dances of luscious and familiar character. Such epidemics have been of frequent occurrence. The *Tarantism* of Italy, popularly attributed by the ignorant peasantry of that country to the bite of the Tarantula or ground-spider, is the most notorious. "In the fourteenth century, soon after the terrible pestilence of the Black Death" (we quote from Dr. Hecker, as translated in a recent number of the *Westminster*), "a new epidemic appeared in Europe of an extraordinary character, showing itself in a violent and involuntary motion of the muscles of the legs. The physicians of the time formed the idea that if the patients were encouraged to dance until they fell down exhausted with the fatigue of the exertion, a reaction would commence by which a cure might be promoted. Bands of music were, therefore, provided for the use of the afflicted, and *airs of the Polka character were composed*, to suit the wild Bacchanalian leaps which their dancing resembled. * * * The common notion of the time, countenanced by the clergy, was, that the persons afflicted were possessed, and the patients themselves generally fell into the same belief, and acted accordingly."

The present epidemic seems to have become local in these parts during the youth of that generation which is just stepping off the stage, and we learn from an erudite historian cited in the 17th No. of *Salmagundi*, that the town is indebted for it to our friend de Trobriand's countrymen. This voracious traveller describes with much homely pathos how

"Gotham city conquered was,
And how the folks turned apes."

How the *Hoppingtots* (an obvious synonyme for the Gauls), "being impelled by a superfluity of appetite and a deficiency of the where-withal to satisfy the same," resolved to invade our ancient and venerable city, and accordingly "capered towards the devoted place with a horrible and appalling chattering of voices." How "when their army did peregrinate within sight of Gotham, and the people beheld the villanous and hitherto unseen capers which they made, a most horrible panic was stirred up among the citizens;" how the invaders pursued their siege day and night until "the fortification of the town began to give manifest symptoms of decay, inasmuch as the breastwork of decency was considerably broken down and the curtain work of propriety blown up;" how the Gothamites "made some semblance of defence, but their women having been all won over to the interest of the enemy, they were soon reduced to abject submission;" how the conquerors put them all to the fiddle without mercy; and terminates his melancholy narrative with this affecting conclusion: "They have waxed to be most flagrant, outrageous, and abandoned dancers; they do ponder on nought but how to gallantize it at balls, routs, and fandangos, insomuch that the like was in no time or place ever observed before. They do moreover devote their nights to the jollification of the legs and their days to the instruction of the heel. And to conclude: their young folk who whilome did bestow a modicum of leisure upon the improvement of the head, have of late utterly abandoned this hopeless task, and have quietly as it were settled themselves down into mere machines wound up by a tune and set in motion by a fiddle-stick."

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affairs on a right footing among themselves, these outside impertinents would soon be made to know their place, as forward boys are in other parts of the world.

Thus we have come to some practical conclusion, and our remarks, so far as they go, are in a certain sense complete. But many divisions of our subject remain. The position of married women among us, the watering-place influence, the Sybaritism of our "Upper Ten," and above all, the three great questions—1. What constitutes the fashion and *quasi* Aristocracy of New York? 2. How is it possible to intellectualize this *quasi* Aristocracy (Mr. Willis's problem, at the solution of which we have made a partial shot already)? and 3. How far is it possible or desirable to put down foreign influence, and erect a purely native standard of taste, propriety, and fashion? All these things ought to have something said about them, and please Providence and the printers, we will say something about them anon.

MR. MELVILLE'S WHITE JACKET.

White Jacket; or, *The World in a Man-of-War*. By Herman Melville. Harper & Brothers.

[SECOND PAPER.]

LIFE in a man-of-war is necessarily artificial. It cannot be made altogether conformable to those conditions which are so important to the favorable development of humanity ashore. It must partake of a mechanical, mathematical character. The men must be more or less machines. This results from the character of the service upon which they are engaged, the inevitable tyranny of a forced system, that of war, which latter, though philosophers have pronounced it quite congenial to the nature of man, is altogether the contrary in the mode in which civilized nations have undertaken to carry out the instinct. Man may, perhaps, have a natural desire to break his neighbor's head on occasion, but this manifestation is generally attended with violent, sudden passion, and is quite a matter of unrestrained, lawless freedom, a very different affair from the organized combats of a brigade, or the vexatious discipline of a ship of the line.

A vessel of war is, perforce, a combination of two evils,—evils of a special character, induced upon the general stock, which humanity is subject to in every situation. First, it is a ship with a captain and crew; and secondly, it is a military machine. As a ship, its regular occupants are subject to laws and restraints, and must be so subject, which are unknown or easily to be escaped from on shore. There is the confinement in space, a fixed fact of limited feet and inches; there is the absolute necessity of constant vigilance, and a uniform routine of duties, the habit of servitude steadily kept up, for though a gale of wind does not happen every day, yet the men must be drilled, and on the look-out as if it did, the extremities of the service giving laws to its whole period. With this monotonous routine of duties is associated an entirely arbitrary element, the will of the captain, which may be soundly exercised or may be capricious, but which *must* be obeyed. The ship is, and must remain, to a great degree, a despotism. These are circumstances common to all vessels in the merchant service or the navy. But the latter goes a step, and a very long step further.

As the discipline of the sailor is always with reference to the utmost need of the ship, and he has constantly in his eye, as it were, a squall or a reef or an unfurled topsail, so the seven or eight hundred men of a man-of-war

are continually drilled with regard to a desperate conflict with some hostile ship, and must live, so to speak, in a perpetual engagement—must sacrifice their whole lives for an event, which in these days, fortunately, they may never meet with,—a naval battle.

Add this ever impending, though perhaps never occurring battle, to the ever looked for storm, and you have a result which shows the difference between the mercantile and the naval services. But to get at the true sum you must estimate the force of the Articles of War in their full bearing and practice. To get at these elements read Herman Melville's "World in a Man-of-War." You will find in his narrative no shirking of duty or unmanly mawkish solicitudes. Take his own words on this subject, and our word for it that his protest is borne out by his book:—"Be it here," says he, "once and for all, understood, that no sentimental and theoretic love for the common sailor; no romantic belief in that peculiar noble-heartedness and exaggerated generosity of disposition fictitiously imputed to him in novels; and no prevailing desire to gain the reputation of being his friend, have actuated me in anything I have said, in any part of this work, touching the gross oppression under which I know that the sailor suffers. Indifferent as to who may be the parties concerned, I but desire to see wrong things righted, and equal justice administered to all."

What are these wrongs? The Navy, be it observed, is governed by regulations which had their origin in the not over favorable era for the liberty of the subject, the times of James II. and that caricature of a tyrant, Judge Jeffreys. The American Articles of War are based on the code of that period, with the addition, Mr. Melville tells us, of a positive enactment of a clause authorizing flogging, the British government providing for this degradation in some more private manner. We have in this code a series of the most sanguinary provisions. *Shall suffer death!* is a frequent termination to these articles as they are read to the crews at the capstan, "falling on you," says White Jacket, "like the intermittent discharge of artillery." For making, or attempting to make any mutinous assembly, a wide latitude for the interpretation of a court martial (witness the three convictions and executions of the Somers), the punishment is death. For disobedience to a superior officer, striking him, or drawing or offering to draw a weapon against him, death. If any person in the Navy shall sleep upon his watch he shall suffer death.

White Jacket is not a blubbing sentimentalist, but he is a man of common sense and common feeling. Therefore, we hold him entitled to his "blow out" on this matter. Hear him in his indignant remonstrance—his keen sword none the less keen for its brilliancy and the beautiful devices wrought upon its hilt.

"Your honors of the Spanish Inquisition, Loyola and Torquemada! produce, reverend gentlemen, your most secret code, and match these Articles of War, if you can. Jack Ketch, you also are experienced in these things! Thou most benevolent of mortals, who standest by us, and hangest round our necks, when all the rest of this world are against us—tell us, hangman, what punishment is this, horribly hinted at as being worse than death? Is it, upon an empty stomach, to read the Articles of War every morning, for the term of one's natural life? Or is it to be imprisoned in a cell, with its walls papered from floor to ceiling with printed copies, in italics, of these Articles of War?"

"By the mainmast! then, in a time of profound

peace, I am subject to the cut-throat martial law! And when my own brother, who happens to be dwelling ashore, and does not serve his country as I am now doing—when he is at liberty to call personally upon the President of the United States, and express his disapprobation of the whole national administration, here am I, liable at any time to be run up at the yard-arm, with a neck-lace made by no jeweller, round my neck.

"A hard case, truly, White Jacket; but it cannot be helped. Yes; you live under this same martial law. Does not everything around you din the fact in your ears? Twice every day do you not jump to your quarters at the sound of a drum? Every morning, in port, are you not roused from your hammock by the *reveille*, and sent to it again at nightfall by the *tattoo*? Every Sunday are you not commanded in the mere matter of the very dress you shall wear through that blessed day! Can your shipmates so much as drink their 'tot of grog'? nay, can they even drink but a cup of water at the scuttle-butt, without an armed sentry standing over them? Does not every officer wear a sword instead of a cane? You live and move among twenty-four pounders, White Jacket; the very cannon balls are deemed an ornament around you, serving to embellish the hatchways; and should you come to die at sea, White Jacket, still two cannon-balls would bear you company when you would be committed to the deep. Yea, by all methods, and devices, and inventions, you are momentarily admonished of the fact that you live under the Articles of War. And by virtue of them, it is, White Jacket, that, without a hearing and without a trial, you may, at a wink from the Captain, be condemned to the scourge."

Then there is the flogging. We do not say that it is to be at once and entirely abolished. It might be substituted with improvement for the death penalty. But of this there is no question; it is getting to be, in the nostrils of the world, everyday more and more offensive. Flog, flog, flog, lash, lash, lash, catting and colting;—these are the returns which officers of the Navy bring home on their log-books, and which, spread before Congress, sicken the whole nation. Restraint, indeed, there must be, and punishment, but is all this flogging inevitable? Might it not be limited to a smaller number of offences, and be taken out of the hands of the captains, the one man power, and be assigned to a board of officers and men?

White Jacket, of course, has something to tell about the cat. He was not flogged himself, but he admits he came very near it, and for a very excusable offence, not knowing one of the numerous posts of occasional service which had been assigned to him in the mathematical apportionment of duty in the Navy. We give his account of the naval incidents at a flogging, and presume the effect upon the three subjects may be taken as the average result of the administration of this branch of the public service. The men are arraigned for fighting. The Captain claims a monopoly of that business for himself. "I do the fighting!"

A FLOGGING.

"Now, men," he added, "you all admit the charge; you know the penalty. Strip! Quarter-masters, are the gratings rigged?"

"The gratings are square frames of barred wood-work, sometimes placed over the hatchways. One of these squares was now laid on the deck, close to the ship's bulwarks, and while the remaining preparations were being made, the master-at-arms assisted the prisoners in removing their jackets and shirts. This done, their shirts were loosely thrown over their shoulders.

"At a sign from the Captain, John, with a shameless leer, advanced, and stood passively upon the grating, while the bare-headed old quarter-master, with grey hair streaming in the wind,

bound his feet to the cross-bars, and, stretching out his arms over his head, secured them to the hammock-nettings above. He then retreated a little space, standing silent.

"Meanwhile, the boatswain stood solemnly on the other side, with a green bag in his hand, from which, taking four instruments of punishment, he gave one to each of his mates; for a fresh 'cat,' applied by a fresh hand, is the ceremonious privilege accorded to every man-of-war culprit.

"At another sign from the Captain, the master-at-arms, stepping up, removed the shirt from the prisoner. At this juncture a wave broke against the ship's side, and dashed the spray over his exposed back. But though the air was piercing cold, and the water drenched him, John stood still, without a shudder.

"The Captain's finger was now lifted, and the first boatswain's mate advanced, combing out the nine tails of his *cat* with his hand, and then, sweeping them round his neck, brought them with the whole force of his body upon the mark. Again, and again, and again; and at every blow, higher and higher rose the long, purple bars on the prisoner's back. But he only bowed over his head, and stood still. Meantime, some of the crew whispered among themselves in applause of their ship-mate's nerve; but the greater part were breathlessly silent as the keen scourge hissed through the wintry air, and fell with a cutting, wiry sound upon the mark. One dozen lashes being applied, the man was taken down, and went among the crew with a smile, saying, 'D—n me! it's nothing when you're used to it! Who wants to fight!'

"The next was Antone, the Portuguese. At every blow he surged from side to side, pouring out a torrent of involuntary blasphemies. Never before had he been heard to curse. When cut down, he went among the men, swearing to have the life of the Captain. Of course, this was unheard by the officers.

"Mark, the third prisoner, only cringed and coughed under his punishment. He had some pulmonary complaint. He was off duty for several days after the flogging; but this was partly to be imputed to his extreme mental misery. It was his first scourging, and he felt the insult more than the injury. He became silent and sullen for the rest of the cruise.

"The fourth and last was Peter, the mizen-top lad. He had often boasted that he had never been degraded at the gangway. The day before his cheek had worn its usual red, but now no ghost was whiter. As he was being secured to the gratings, and the shuddering and creepings of his dazzlingly white back were revealed, he turned round his head imploringly; but his weeping entreaties and vows of contrition were of no avail. 'I would not forgive God Almighty!' cried the Captain. The fourth boatswain's mate advanced, and at the first blow, the boy, shouting 'My God! Oh! my God!' writhed and leaped so as to displace the gratings, and scatter the nine tails of the scourge all over his person. At the next blow he howled, leaped, and ragged in unendurable torture.

"What are you stopping for, boatswain's mate?" cried the Captain. 'Lay on!' and the whole dozen was applied.

"I don't care what happens to me now!" wept Peter, going among the crew, with blood-shot eyes, as he put on his shirt. 'I have been flogged once, and they may do it again, if they will. Let them look out for me now!'

There is another chapter which describes this punishment in its deepest ignominy, the "Flogging through the Fleet." This is the distribution of the punishment among all the ships of the station, and is equivalent to Judge Jeffreys' old sentences of lashings at the cart's tail throughout London;—so many at Charing Cross, so many at Temple Bar, &c., or the like at market stations in the country. In this fleet business, "the greatest number of lashes is inflicted on board the culprit's own ship, in order to render him the more

shocking spectacle to the crews of the other vessels. The first infliction being concluded, the culprit's shirt is thrown over him; he is put into a boat—the *Rogue's March* being played meanwhile—and rowed to the next ship of the squadron. All hands of that ship are then called to man the rigging, and another portion of the punishment is inflicted by the boatswain's mates of that ship. The bloody shirt is again thrown over the seaman; and thus he is carried through the fleet or squadron till the whole sentence is inflicted." It is a significant circumstance, that Mr. Melville adds—"Never, that I know of, has this punishment been inflicted by an American man-of-war on the home station. *The reason, probably, is, that the officers well knew that such a spectacle would raise a mob in any American seaport.*" And for a like self-respect, when this punishment was once incurred in the Mediterranean, it was reserved till "the squadron made sail for Algiers, and in that harbor it was inflicted—the Bay of Naples, *though washing the shores of an absolute king*, not being deemed a fit place for such an exhibition of American naval law."

For the relief of this unpleasant business, much at present depends upon the personal character of the Captains, one ship getting along, it is stated, with much less flogging than another. A sensible, humane Committee of Congress might revise these regulations with advantage; but a radical reform, which would bring in a new set of motives and responsibilities among the men, would be the advancement of well-approved seamen to office in the ship. Good men would then enter the navy, with the desire of promotion; the *esprit du corps* would be raised, and this would be worth a thousand bags full of fresh cats.

There are a host of minor circumstances about a man-of-war, oppressive in their character, which will be found unobtrusively brought out in Mr. Melville's book. We would recommend them to the attention of the public, of congressmen, and to the candid consideration of navy officers.

White Jacket takes a most graceful farewell of the *Norsink* and his subject, off the Capes of Virginia, "homeward-bound." This is the conclusion. It does justice to the spirit of the numerous adventures, the incidents, the characters, and the humanity of the scenes so graphically presented in the previous pages of its ninety-three well-filled chapters:—

THE END.

"As a man-of-war that sails through the sea, so this earth that sails through the air. We mortals are all on board a fast-sailing, never-sinking world-frigate, of which God was the shipwright; and she is but one craft in a Milky-Way fleet, of which God is the Lord High Admiral. The port we sail from is for ever astern. And though far out of sight of land, for ages and ages we continue to sail with sealed orders, and our last destination remains a secret to ourselves and our officers; yet our final haven was predestinated ere we slipped from the stocks at Creation.

"Thus sailing with sealed orders, we ourselves are the repositories of the secret packet, whose mysterious contents we long to learn. There are no mysteries out of ourselves. But let us not give ear to the superstitious, gun-deck gossip about whether we may be gliding, for, as yet, not a soul on board of us knows—not even the Commodore himself; assuredly not the Chaplain; even our Professor's scientific surmises are vain. On that point, the smallest cabin-boy is as wise as the Captain. And believe not the hypochondriac dwellers below hatches, who will tell you, with a sneer, that our world-frigate is bound to no final harbor whatever; that our voyage will prove an endless cir-

cumnavigation of space. Not so. For how can this world-frigate prove our eventual abiding place, when, upon our first embarkation, as infants in arms, her violent rolling—in after life unperceived—makes every soul of us sea-sick? Does not this show, too, that the very air we here inhale is uncongenial, and only becomes endurable at last through gradual habituation, and that some blessed, placid haven, however remote at present, must be in store for us all?

"Glance fore and aft our flush decks. What a swarming crew! All told, they muster hard upon eight hundred millions of souls. Over these we have authoritative Lieutenants, a sword-belted officer of Marines, a Chaplain, a Professor, a Purser, a Doctor, a Cook, a Master-at-arms.

"Oppressed by illiberal laws, and partly oppressed by themselves, many of our people are wicked, unhappy, inefficient. We have skulkers and idlers all round, and brow-beaten waiters, who, for a pittance, do our craft's shabby work. Nevertheless, among our people we have gallant fore, main, and mizen top-men aloft, who, well treated or ill, still trim our craft to the blast.

"We have a brig for trespassers; a bar by our main-mast, at which they are arraigned; a cat-o'-nine-tails and a gangway, to degrade them in their own eyes, and in ours. These are not always employed to convert Sin to Virtue, but to divide them, and protect Virtue and legalized Sin from unlegalized Vice.

"We have a Sick-bay for the smitten and helpless, whither we hurry them out of sight, and however they groan beneath hatches, we hear little of their tribulations on deck; we still sport our gay streamer aloft. Outwardly regarded, our craft is a lie; for all that is outwardly seen of it is clean-swept deck, and oft-painted planks comprised above the water-line; whereas, the vast mass of our fabric, with all its store-rooms of secrets, for ever slides along far under the surface.

"When a shipmate dies, straightway we sew him up, and overboard he goes; our world-frigate rushes by, and never more do we behold him again; though, sooner or later, the everlasting under-tow sweeps him towards our own destination.

"We have both a quarter-deck to our craft, and a gun-deck; subterranean shot-lockers, and gun-powder magazines; and the Articles of War form our domineering code.

"Oh, shipmates and world-mates, all round! we the people suffer many abuses. Our gun-deck is full of complaints. In vain from Lieutenants do we appeal to the Captain; in vain—while on board our world-frigate—to the indefinite Navy Commissioners, so far out of sight aloft. Yet the worst of our evils we blindly inflict upon ourselves; our officers cannot remove them, even if they would. From the last ill no being can save another; therein each man must be his own saviour. For the rest, whatever befall us, let us never train our murderous guns inboard. Let us not mutiny with bloody pikes in our hands. Our Lord High Admiral will yet interpose; and though long ages should elapse, and leave our wrongs undressed, yet, shipmates and world-mates! let us never forget that,

"Whoever afflict us, whatever surround,
Life is a voyage that's homeward bound!"

Emanuel Swedenborg: a Biography, by James John Garth Wilkinson. Boston: Otis Clapp. New York: John Allen. 1849.

The style of this work is close and energetic. Every word is weighty. In reading it we are often reminded of Mr. Emerson's books. Without his wit, and with a little less frequency of brilliant illustration, yet we find the same short aphoristic sentences, an equal power of language, the same obscurator of common thought in incongruous metaphor, the same fine thoughts, or thoughts that look fine, yet whose practicalness we cannot discover. The interest of the work hinges mainly upon

Swedenborg's intellectual development, as the materials for his life otherwise afford slender scope for entertainment. Though professing not to be a follower of Swedenborg, yet the author owns his identification with his views of Christianity, and his partiality for the subject of his biography is so evident, that the reader cannot rid himself of the impression that the work is partisan in its character, and so longs for other materials to form his judgment.

The subject of this work is one, however, which it is no longer becoming in thinking men to exclude from careful attention. Although we have read several of Swedenborg's works, we confess that we have not yet measured his system in such sort as to be warranted in giving a positive criticism. We should be glad especially to see his last work, "*The True Christian Religion*."

Emanuel Swedenborg was born at Stockholm, on the 29th of January, 1688, and was the third child and second son of Dr. Jasper Swedburg, of good family, and a bishop in the Swedish Church. While still a child, he says of himself, "I often revealed things in my discourse which filled my parents with astonishment, and made them declare at times, that certainly the angels spoke through my mouth." His father took no care to instruct him in Lutheran dogmas, to which reserve his son's future course was perhaps not a little indebted. In due time he went to the university, travelled, wrote poetry, made great progress in mathematics, astronomy, and mechanics, and edited a periodical work, in which he "showed how little he valued the 'impossibilities' of the day; he had already begun to think of flying-machines, and to speak of them as among the *desiderata* of the age; for he was imbued with the very spirit of our own railroad and electric era, and had a very limited belief in final impossibilities."

Attracting the attention of the king by his mechanical knowledge, he was appointed assessor of the board of mines, sojourned in the house of Polheim his coadjutor, fell in love unsuccessfully with his daughter, and till his death lived a bachelor. He published works upon mathematics, astronomy, and metallurgy, said by the author to be of great merit, and at this period of his life appeared to be devoted wholly to physical science. Still rising, as it were, in the scale of thought, he wrote cosmological works, which brought him great reputation, and at length treated of *man* in his "*Economy of the Animal Kingdom*," which is an attempt to discover the soul by means of anatomy and physiology; but, according to Mr. Wilkinson, did not attain his goal, although his observations led him to facts of surprising value. As one of the facts in the science of correspondences to which Swedenborg henceforward gave great attention, the author bestows some space here upon the facts of *breathing*, appealing to the reader's observation, that in respiration, he has a sense that not the lungs only, but the whole body breathes, and indeed the mind also.

"Now let him feel his thoughts, and he will see they too heave with the mass. When he entertains a long thought, he draws a long breath; when he thinks quickly, his breath vibrates with rapid alternations; when the tempest of anger shakes his mind, his breath is tumultuous; when his soul is deep and tranquil, his lungs are as tumid as his conceits. Let him make trial of the contrary; let him endeavor to think in long stretches at the same time that he breathes in fits, and he will find that it is impossible; that in this case the chopping lungs will needs mince his thoughts.

Now the mind dwells in the brain, and it is the brain, therefore, which shares the varying fortunes of the breathing. It is strange that this correspondence between the states of the brain or mind and the lungs has not been admitted in science, for it holds in every case, at every moment. In truth it is so unfailing, and so near to the centre of sense, that this has made it difficult to regard it as an object: for if you only try to think upon the breathing, in consequence of the fixation of thought you stop the breath that very moment, and only recommence it when the thought can no longer hold, that is to say, when the brain has need to expire. Now Swedenborg, with amazing observation and sagacity, has made a regular study of this ratio between the respiration and the thoughts and emotions: he shows in detail that the two correspond exactly; and moreover, that their correspondence is one of the long-sought links between the soul and the body, whereby every thought is represented, and carried out momentarily in the expanse of the human frame, which it penetrates by vicegerent motions or states."

A certain natural and acquired power over the respiration, abstemiousness in eating, and constant coffee-drinking, were among the peculiar physical conditions of Swedenborg's after seership.

With one more work, the *Worship and Love of God*, "an ornate scientific narrative of the creation of our solar system, the ornament in which is rich and flamboyant, but upborne on the colonnades of a living forest of doctrines," ends the first part of his life, for henceforth he is to be regarded as a seer and theologian.

"I was in London," said Swedenborg, "and dined late at my usual quarters, and ate with a great appetite. Towards the end of the meal I remarked that a kind of mist spread before my eyes, and I saw the floor of my room covered with hideous reptiles, such as serpents, toads, and the like. I was astonished, having all my wits about me, and being perfectly conscious. The darkness attained its height, and then passed away. I now saw a man sitting in a corner of the chamber. As I had thought myself entirely alone, I was greatly frightened when he said to me—'Eat not so much!' My sight again became dim, but when I recovered it, I found myself alone in my room. . . . the following night the same man appeared to me again. I was at this time not at all alarmed. The man said—'I am God, the Lord, the Creator and Redeemer of the world. I have chosen thee to unfold to men the spiritual sense of the Holy Scripture. I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write.' The same night the world of spirits, hell and heaven, were convincingly opened to me."

Henceforward there was little variety in his life. He travelled much, put forth one theological work after another, claiming always to have intercourse with the invisible world, and died 29th March, 1772, having predicted the time of his death. Many marvellous instances of second sight are related of him, which seem to be well authenticated, several of which were investigated and found to be so, by Kant, the philosopher. These are no more wonderful than other things of the kind in the world's history, and he did not himself claim assent to his doctrines on this account, but wished his works to be judged from themselves. He gained a few adherents in his life-time, and met with some opposition from the Swedish clergy, but so general was the veneration for him as a worthy character, that he was but little troubled from without. His sincerity and piety cannot be questioned. We must

leave to others to make hypotheses in explanation of his psychological condition.

It is a curious world, the invisible world into which we are led by Swedenborg. We could sometimes fancy ourselves in the midst of Dante or Abraham Tucker, but we cannot say he gives us as clear or consistent pictures. His Lord and angels certainly talk in most homely phrase. We fail to recognise the wonderful words of Jesus of Nazareth. There is such a mingling of angels, spirits, beasts and vermin, heavens and hells, that we can get no clear vision. It looks like fancy run mad. But there is a thread of philosophical coherence about it all. Aesthetically his other world is little captivating, and indeed, gives little consolation for an escape from this. But as a philosopher and theologian, Swedenborg is entitled to the highest respect. His psychological observations might furnish food for infinite thought; and no doubt his theology also. But upon this we are not prepared minutely to speak. But so far as we do know, we must say that we think it is in undoubted contradiction to the theology of Jesus, or only consistent with it by the most contorted interpretations. His is a sort of Sabellian Trinity, and his doctrine of the resurrection has no countenance in the New Testament. Wonderful as his works may be, there is yet all the difference of human and divine, between them and the writings of John and Paul: and how any man could receive them as a revelation when contradicting the New Testament, is more than we can reconcile to our conceptions; though as human works containing interpretations of doubtful matters in Scripture, they may be, for aught we know, of great value. His doctrine of charity is more opposed to the Lutheran doctrine than to the *communis sensus* of the Catholic Church. We have seen nothing yet of Swedenborg which can add a new element to the Christian consciousness, or impel it further towards a realization of the ideal of Christian holiness. On the contrary his scheme (so far as we know of it) seems to sink the idea of redemption, and to preclude that love to Christ, from which only all other love can permanently spring.

But we take the merit of most of Swedenborg's works upon trust, and so we will not trust ourselves too far to censure them. We know enough, however, to acknowledge their value, and to commend their study to our age.

SUHEILY'S RARITIES OF ANECDOTES.

The Wonders of Remarkable Incidents and the Rarities of Anecdotes. By Ahmed ibn Hemdem, the Kerkhoda, called "Sohailee." Translated from the Turkish, by John P. Brown, dragoman of the U. S. Legation at Constantinople. Putnam.

This pretended translation of a classical Turkish author illustrates the Italian proverb, *Traduttore, traditore*; which means a translator is a traducer or traitor. It neither conveys the sense of "Sohailee," nor does the English composition, in many cases, present any meaning of the translator, if he had any, which is evidently doubtful. It is very apparent that the readable English of this version is made so by the gentleman of New York, who, as the preface announces, "first gave some touches to the manuscript." We protest against this discredit upon the early reputation of America in oriental learning. Such attempts as this of Mr. Brown, justify the appellation of "second chop," applied by the Chinese to Americans. One would suppose that the first qualification of a translator would be an acquaintance with his own tongue. Mr. Brown is, by his own

showing, innocent of trespass on Lindley Murray.

In the preface of "Sohailee" there occurs the following specimen of translation:—"The meaning of the Koran; the sallies of the Psalms of David; the reflected mirror of the light of God." The Turkish sentence reads thus: it is in the metre called *mesnevi*.

*Manei-Koran, ve nekati zaboor;
Ainei talaei Allahi noor.*

This verse should be translated: "The substance of the Koran; the essence of the Psalms; the mirror reflecting the light of God."

A reflected mirror is inconceivable; the *sallies* of the Psalms is an absurdity, unless Mr. Brown derives the English word *sallies* from the word *sall*—*sal-salis*, in the genitive case; *sallies*, would then be figuratively correct.

In the first story of "Sohailee," which Mr. Brown calls an "Anecdote," in ignorance of English etymology, we have this sentence:—

"When David and Solomon sat in judgment on the plants, and then inquired on the subject of the sheep and the tribe, we (dual) were witnesses to their sentence, and we made them to understand Solomon, and he them. May God verify their deeds! They, the disputants, departed, praising the knowledge and talent of Solomon, and lauded their (his) divine greatness and goodness."

The meaning of all this farrago of nonsense is this:—

"And when David and Solomon gave judgment in the case of the *field*, in which the sheep of some people had trespassed by night, being without a shepherd, we were witnesses of the decision, and we gave the understanding of it to Solomon; and to all we caused knowledge and wisdom to come. God, the great, attested the knowledge and wisdom of Solomon (on whom be the blessing of God). And the parties returned thanks for the divine favor and assistance, which had been manifested in their case."

At every step, Mr. Brown has misconceived the meaning of "Sohailee;" and when he does stumble upon it, he seems to be unable to express it in intelligible English. The author, for instance, in his praises of the reigning Sultan, Murad, is represented as calling him the "Lord of his creatures." The compound epithet, *Sahib-Kyran*, has the innocent meaning of "Possessor of felicity," not the impious one of "Lord of his creatures." Nor would "Sohailee" have been flattered with the appellation of "Parasite," whilst he modestly termed himself, in Oriental phrase, the humble guest or attendant (*tufeil*) of his brethren's table of friendship. Mohammed is represented as having been sent as apostle, from among the sons of Adam, instead of the sons of Adnan, an Ishmaelite tribe.

The work itself, in the hands of a Goldsmith or Washington Irving, or any writer of good taste and richness of style, would have proved attractive in an English dress. It is a novelty in our literature—a species of commonplace book, as it were, of moral precept, beauties of history, anecdotes, &c., drawn from twenty-five historical works, including the best Persian historians, and highly illustrative of Eastern manners and ideas. It is curiously divided into sections, which preserve its quaint arabesque air. Von Hammer, in the *Journal Asiatique*, has testified to its interest and value, and Mr. Brown has received the special encouragement of the American Oriental Society. The motive of the latter is an honorable one, and necessary absence from the place of publication, and consequent inability

to revise proof-sheets, should, in some degree, mitigate the reader's impatience, as he laboriously attempts to dig out a sentiment or a joke from the crude mass of undigested orientalism in which it is imbedded. Irving has shown American authors how finely, naturally, gracefully, Turkish stories may be told in English, in the various legends scattered through his Mahomet; and the art of literature is generally well enough understood at the present day to secure in a book, where pleasure is the main object, at least a readable style.

Morton Montague; or, A Young Christian's Choice. Founded on facts in the early history of a deceased Moravian Missionary Clergyman. By C. D. Mortimer. D. Appleton & Co.

THE Moravian Brethren are one of the oldest Christian communities in the world, claiming an unbroken succession of bishops from the time of the apostles. They are widely known throughout the Christian world as the pioneers in the missionary enterprise. The present narrative purports to be a memoir of one of their earliest laborers in this country, other names being substituted for those actually borne by the characters in the narrative; the suppression being made, it is stated, for good and sufficient reasons.

The volume opens with an outline of the early history of the United Brethren. We are next introduced to one of their English settlements, —, in Yorkshire, where the hero of the tale is born, the youngest of a large family, the father being a Moravian clergyman.

Morton Montague is distinguished from early years for the sweetness of his temper and mental and personal graces. He is instructed by a quaint old schoolmaster, who well nigh kills his boys with kindness.

"The only fault attributed to him, I believe, was that he was too careful of them; and in his anxiety to keep them well, he made them so delicate that they became liable to take cold. For instance, he never permitted them to go near the window, if it was in the least damp or cold, and every night through the winter had their feet wrapped in linen bags."

The work abounds in pleasant domestic pictures and descriptions of the Moravian family customs, all of which are of a genial, pleasant character, tending to strengthen home sympathies, and inculcate the pleasantness and peace of a true religious life.

Several beautiful hymns are scattered through the volume. The following is one of the finest.

"Children of God lack nothing,
His promise bears them through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

"Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the fields should wither,
No flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him abiding,
I cannot but rejoice."

[The narrative is an interesting one, introducing a variety of characters, and is very agreeably told. It breaks off on the hero's assumption of the clerical profession, and departure, under the orders of his ecclesiastical superiors, for the city of New York, at a period, we should suppose from the context, about the beginning of the present century.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art. Edited by David A. Wells and George Bliss, jr. Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln. 1850.

THE rapid march of discovery has made a yearly summary indispensable to those who would keep it even in distant view. We believe the present is the first publication of the kind in America, though these year-books have been long familiar abroad, and acknowledged for utility. The establishment of an American Scientific Association on a plan similar to that of the British Association, has awakened an increased interest, and will tend to foster a love for science, while the papers of both institutions will furnish material, when properly prepared, for these yearly ledgers. The transactions of these societies and the original contributions of learned men are too long and often too abstruse for the general reader; we find them here abbreviated and simplified, together with a vast amount of valuable information, gleaned from many sources. The selection has been made in a faithful and discriminating way, and nothing has been omitted of interest. References to the original authorities are given in an index and at the bottom of the article. The editors have, in the course of the preparation of the work, received the assistance and advice of Professors Agassiz, Horsford, and Wyman, of Harvard College. These gentlemen and Lieut. Maury, of the National Observatory, have joined in a hearty approval of its aim and execution.

Under the head of Mechanics and the Arts, will be found descriptions of those great public works, most remarkable for the ingenuity of their construction or their vast size. Among these are the Britannia tubular bridge over the Menai straits, the iron girder bridge over the river Trent, the suspension bridge at Wheeling, and the iron arched bridge on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad.

As specimens of the manner of the articles, we shall make a few extracts. It will be seen below that an American artist has succeeded in accomplishing what had hitherto been considered impossible by scientific men in Europe.

LUNAR DAGUERRETYPE.

"At a meeting of the Cambridge Scientific Association, December, 1849, five Daguerreotype pictures of the moon's surface were exhibited to the Society by Mr. Wells. These pictures were taken by Mr. S. D. Humphrey, of Canandaigua, N. Y., with a half-size American camera, on a medium plate. The first picture was obtained by an exposure of two minutes, the camera remaining permanent. During this short interval, the earth had moved forward so rapidly, that the figure of the satellite was elongated to form an oval, or egg-shape picture. The same peculiarity was also noticed in the pictures obtained by an exposure for one minute, and also for thirty seconds, though in a less degree. In these pictures, the configurations upon the moon's surface were not delineated, but in the fourth picture, obtained by an exposure of three seconds, the representation was strikingly clear and distinct. The figure was round, and the representation of the surface so perfect, that its appearance, when examined under the microscope, somewhat resembled the full moon seen through a telescope. The fifth picture was obtained by an exposure of only half a second, and was little more than a shadow. The powerful agency and presence of the chemical principle was sufficiently indicated by it. These several pictures were all taken upon one occasion, on the night of the 1st of September, a few hours before full moon. They conclusively

show that lunar light possesses the chemical principle, or force, in a high degree, and it is to this source that we may reasonably attribute its supposed action in producing phosphorescence and other changes in animal or vegetable substances."

A very ingenious method of determining the velocity of light, by actual experiment, has been contrived by a French philosopher, M. Fizeau. His plan may be novel to some of our readers, and we shall endeavor to give an idea of it. Two telescopes are placed at the distance of five miles, but so that the image of the object glass of each is formed in the focus of the other. A glass at an angle of 45° in the first telescope sends the light of the sun, or that of a lamp admitted through the side of the telescope, towards the second, where it is reflected directly back from a mirror placed in the focus, to be viewed at the first telescope. A disk with 720 teeth was placed in front of the first telescope, so as to close and admit the passage of the light alternately. This disk is moved by clockwork. It is evident, that, when the ray escaping by the aperture returns after reflection to find a tooth in front of the object glass, no light will be seen. Mr. F. says, "Under the circumstances in which I made the experiment, the first eclipse took place when the disk was revolving at the rate of about twelve revolutions and six tenths per second. With a double velocity, the point again shone out, was eclipsed with a triple rapidity, reappeared with a quadruple one, and so on." The result of these experiments agrees remarkably with the velocity assigned by astronomical observation, being about 192,000 miles per second.

DENTAL PARASITES.

"At a meeting of the American Academy, December, 1849, a paper was read by Dr. H. I. Bowditch, on the animal and vegetable parasites infesting the teeth, with the effects of different agents in causing their removal and destruction. Microscopical examinations had been made of the matter deposited on the teeth and gums of more than forty individuals, selected from all classes of society, in every variety of bodily condition, and in nearly every case animal and vegetable parasites in great numbers had been discovered. Of the animal parasites there were three or four species, and of the vegetable one or two. In fact, the only persons whose mouths were found to be completely free from them cleansed their teeth four times daily, using soap once. One or two of these individuals also passed a thread between the teeth to cleanse them more effectually. In all cases the number of the parasites was greater in proportion to the neglect of cleanliness."

The introduction consists of a memoir of Prof. Agassiz, accompanied by a portrait of that great naturalist. Altogether we are pleased to find a work so desirable executed with such thoroughness and accuracy.

The Convict Ship, a Narrative of the Results of Scriptural Instruction and Moral Discipline on board the "Earl Grey," by Colin Abbott Browning, M.D. (Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.) The author of this work was "surgeon-superintendent" of a convict-ship. The duties of this office combine those of chaplain, surgeon, and schoolmaster. That these responsibilities were met in the most exemplary manner, and with the happiest results, there is ample testimony in the volume before us, which is well calculated to encourage philanthropic labors under the most apparently hopeless circumstances.

The Earl Grey having received her complement of convicts from various stations, sailed from Plymouth in Sept., 1842, with two hun-

dred and sixty-four men, but fifty-four of whom could read and write, twenty-three read only, and seventy-seven were ignorant of the alphabet. Their moral condition may be inferred from their position. They were immediately formed by Mr. Browning into twenty-four classes, with teachers selected from the convicts. Prayers were read on Sundays, and religious counsel and influence unremittingly exerted with such happy results, that on the arrival of the convict-ship at Tasmania, all with but one exception were able to, and did read the Bibles and prayer-books with which they were furnished. Their deportment throughout the voyage is stated to have been almost uniformly "correct and manly." "Only on one or two occasions during the whole voyage, did I hear an improper expression proceed from their lips, and I hesitate not to say, that I should rejoice to see every little community of men, whether at sea or on shore, characterized by a similar tone of decorum."

The author bears interesting testimony to the efficacy of Sunday schools, in the statement that out of one thousand and sixty-five prisoners, who in five different voyages had been conveyed under his charge to Australia, fourteen only had received such religious education.

He also records his testimony against corporal punishment as applied to convicts. "On one occasion," he says, "I was induced to yield to the judgment of the officer of the guard and master of the ship, and sanction the infliction of corporal punishment upon three convicts, which, however clearly soever deserved, I have ever regarded as unwise and impolitic, and as casting a stigma upon the management of my first charge."

Although happily for this country it has never adopted the unwise and unjust measure of the establishment of penal colonies, there is so general an interest felt in questions of prison discipline and reformation, and the present work is so valuable an auxiliary in that good cause, that we cannot but expect for it a larger circulation than even the four editions through which it has passed in England. Its deeply devotional tone, and the interesting facts given in the voluntary statements of the convicts, relating to their early lives, and recent religious experiences, impart to the work a still higher interest.

The volume is introduced by a preface, by the Rev. James H. Fowles, of Philadelphia.

A Dictionary of Synonymical Terms of the English Language. By the Rev. James Rawson, A.M. (Philadelphia: LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.) There are few, probably in the usage of the best writers no strictly synonymous words, but there are a great many occasions where nicety of expression may be promoted by consulting a collection like the present, which is a general list, without the disquisitions of Crabbe and other writers. It is designed as a convenient manual of reference, to be consulted, it is wisely added, "rather to assist the memory than to inform the judgment." The study of classic authors only can secure the latter.

Poetry for Schools, selected by the author of "American Popular Lessons" (FRANCIS & Co.). A new edition, with additions from American authors, of Miss Robbins's well-known school book. The selections have a few words of explanation, which have the merit of being practically adapted to the wants of young readers, the author justly thinking that at least the half of elocution is an understanding of the text.

Chalmers's Posthumous Works, Vol. IX. (Harper & Brothers). The concluding volume of a series, indispensable to all theological libraries, and which we have shown, on a previous occasion, to have a range outside of the merely professional literature of the pulpit. The contents of the present volume are Prelections on Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences, and Hill's Divinity Lectures, with several lectures and addresses.

Cosmos. By Alexander Von Humboldt, translated by E. C. Otté (Harper & Brothers). A very neat reprint of the most complete translation of this much sought for work.

Gibbon's History of the Roman Empire, with the notes of Milman, Vol. I. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.). A neat edition of the great English history, called for by the stimulus to historical reading, caused by the unprecedented circulation of the writings of Macaulay. It is in the convenient form of the same publisher's edition of the latter historian and of Hume.

Hume's History of England, Vol. I. (Harper & Brothers). The commencement of a uniform 12mo. edition of standard historians, to include, among others, Gibbon and Hume. The standard orthography, which has been invaded of late in the publications of this house, is, we are glad to perceive, preserved in this edition.

The Genius of Scotland. By Rev. Robert Turnbull (Carter & Brothers). A fifth edition, with illustrations, marking the popularity of this sketchy volume, already noticed in our columns for its lively pictures of Scottish traits and characters.

The New York Journal of Medicine. March, 1850.—The new editor (Dr. Purple), if he has accomplished no more, has at least got his journal published in season, which is quite a contrast to the dilatoriness of former days. The leading article is entitled *The History of Medicine in Massachusetts*, and is rich in statistics. From it we learn that Dr. Saml. Fuller was the first physician, and came in the Mayflower. Dr. Thomas Thatcher, who came hither in 1635, published the first work on a medical subject in America, entitled, "A Guide in the Small-Pox and Measles, published in 1667." We trust that Dr. Williams' example will be followed in other States, that thus a "pretty perfect history of medicine in America" might be found.

Dr. A. K. Gardner has furnished an article relating to the characteristics of Valerian, from which we learn, that this plant, which is not indigenous to this country, has been imported alive from Europe (sent fifteen years since by Whitlow, the Botanic practitioner, to the Shakers), and has since been cultivated in New Hampshire, where it flourishes wonderfully, surpassing both in appearance and in actual virtues the best English in our markets. A. A. Hayes, the Mass. State Assayer, has discovered that after exposure of the oil to the air, a crystalline body appears, of which he gives an analysis.

The Journal contains its usual amount of Reviews and Collectanea. With such a number before us, we are convinced that New York need not "play second fiddle in medical any more than other matters, to any city of our union."

MADLLE. RACHEL'S FESTIVAL AND REVERSES.
[From the London Atlas.]

The greatest triumph ever achieved by Madlle. Mars has been accomplished on the boards of the Théâtre Français; a triumph

greater than *Elvire*, than *Henriette*, than *Sylvie*, or *Valerie*—greater than any which she had achieved during her long and brilliant life, has been accomplished after her death,—by the performance of Rachel in *Madlle de Belle-Isle*, and the utter failure which attended it. This reverse, to which all great personages are subject, has caused the fair *artiste* to withdraw for a while from public life, and to confine herself to her own hotel in the Rue Trudon, which is gradually growing into the most exquisite little palace in the world. The long-talked-of *fête*, which was to have been given by the tragedian upon the occasion of the Mardi Gras, and to which all Paris was intriguing and disputing to get invited, has been postponed *sine die*, and a literary and poetical festival was offered to her friends instead on Sunday last. The inauguration of the hotel took place under the most brilliant auspices. The vast number of rooms contained in the hotel excited some surprise, the more so as it is formally announced that the fair owner intends for the future to reside entirely alone. "By whom will all these apartments be occupied?" said Alexander Dumas to Viennet, as they strolled through the long suite of salons and boudoirs. "By the owner's *souvenirs*, of course," replied the latter. "Oh, then, I fear they will be terribly crowded," replied Alexander, laughing. To those who complain of the badness of the times, and the sad neglect of art manifested by the public of our own day, a walk through that exquisitely adorned temple, which certainly may rival, both in elegance and richness, the dwelling of Aspasia or the villa of Lais, would be productive of an immediate change of opinion. No expense has been spared upon the decoration of the hotel; some of the artists who stand highest, have not disdained to furnish the designs for the moulding: the ceilings are all painted by the greatest masters; and the rich draperies which conceal the walls have all been taught to hang according to the strictest rules of symmetry by the great master-hand. The *fête* was concluded by an epilogue of intense interest, and which displays a strange and singular aspect of the human heart. The *soirée* had been accepted as one of a purely literary character, and every celebrity appertaining to every branch of literature came of course. The fair hostess recited in costume every one of her principal *tirades* from all the great tragedies wherein she has acquired undying fame, and then withdrew, amid the hearty applause and unfeigned expressions of delight of the whole company. Presently she returned before them in a new character to them, but an old one to herself, that of a street-singer, her head bound by a Madras handkerchief, her shoulders enveloped in an old tartan shawl, a cotton petticoat descending just below the knee, and an old guitar slung across her bosom. Her appearance caused an almost painful interest. There was poetry in the whole scene; in the very clatter of her sabots as she advanced up that splendid gallery, all hung with looking-glass, and adorned with gilt tripods; in the wooden bowl with the sou at the bottom, which she rattled as she stepped forward with a melancholy smile. She walked straight to the head of the gallery, and, standing motionless for a moment, began the ballad which she had sung the last of all before she was summoned from the street to the stage, from rags and poverty to glory, influence, and riches. By a singular coincidence, this ballad happened to be the one formerly sung in *Fanchon la Veilleuse*,

"*Elle a quitté*," relating how Fanchon had left her humble home for wealth and grandeur, and how she was gradually pining amidst the splendor of her lot for the love and liberty she had once enjoyed. The voice of the singer, perhaps from fatigue, perhaps from emotion, was low and faltering, and produced an effect such as not the most powerful of her *tartines* from *Racine* or *Corneille* has ever been able to produce—*tears* from her audience. This incident will long be remembered by those who witnessed it.

Maginiana.

AMERICAN manners and customs are looking up in the English market, as a literary staple. Blackwood has of late cultivated the material to be found in advance this side of the Atlantic, and from the proof-sheets of *Fraser's Magazine* for March, obligingly forwarded to us by a friend in London, we perceive a series of articles, "Sketches of American Society, by a New Yorker," has been commenced in that journal. "The Upper Ten Thousand" is the local title of the first paper, and running across the columns, is the catch-line of familiar import—"Third Avenue in Sleighting Time." And the glories of Manhattan might be in worse keeping than amidst the classicalities and witty refinements of *Fraser*, the chosen magazine of Maginn, Carlyle, and Thackeray. We shall be curious to notice the anonymous writer's treatment of American society, as he gets on. His first paper is spirited, with local knowledge, but with one or two personalities which might better be avoided.

We give the preamble, with a sketch of a winter scene, for which New Yorkers the present season have to draw upon their recollections:—

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

"Reader, the mere mention of Americans is probably associated in your mind with much that is wild, savage, and frightful,—sanguinary duels, Lynch law, nigger babies boiled for breakfast, swamps, and yellow fever; in short, a pleasing and promiscuous mess of 'a' things horrible and awful." Or if, through some Whiggish leaning, or large feeling of fraternity for all the Anglo-Saxon race, you are disposed to stand up for your Transatlantic brethren, you will panegyricize them much in the same way that Rousseau and others have maintained the superiority of savage over civilized life. You will say, 'These people are inferior to us in the graces and courtesies of civilization, but they are more frank, more natural; fashion exercises no capricious tyranny over them; there is no room there for servility or luxury.' Doubtless, then, you will be surprised when, in presenting you to American society, I introduce you among a set of exquisites,—daintily-arrayed men, who spend half their income on their persons, and shrink from the touch of a woollen glove,—who are curious in wines and liqueurs, and would order a dinner against the oldest frequenter of the *Trois Frères*; delicate and lovely women, who wear the finest furs, and roll in the most stylish equipages; who are well up in all the latest French dances and the newest French millinery; who talk very much such English as you do yourself, and three or four Continental languages into the bargain. And, moreover, in comparing English and American merits (for, knowing something about both Mr. Bull and Master Jonathan, belonging partly to both and loving both, I would rather compare their merits than their faults), I should say that the American was more successful in the minor elegancies and amusements, and the Englishman in the more solid and domestic virtues of life. Now if you grow incredulous, and conclude that I am trying to quiz you, or going to write about America without

ever having been there, even *that* is no more than Englishmen have done before, aye, and turned out a big volume, and made 'tin' by it, and been praised by the Thunderer for accuracy and fidelity of description. But, in sober earnest, I am writing about what I see and know. If, then, I tell you nothing about alligators, or regulators, or any such wild animals, it is simply because I have never met with any; not that I think it much loss to either of us, for, sooth to say, we have lately had enough of this bowie-knife school of writing, which, after all, is much as if one were to go to the wilds of Connaught, or the dens of St. Giles's, to collect materials for 'A Country Residence in England,' or 'London and the Londoners.' Suspend your opinion, then, or at least your incredulity; open your eyes and shut your mouth, and see what the Yankee will send you.

NEW YORK AFTER A SNOW-STORM.

"A heavy snow on Broadway! The house-tops are all iced over like so many big holiday cakes. The ugly telegraph posts, that suggest to the occupants of the second floors the idea of an execution perpetually about to take place under their windows, are not destitute of the same tempting white covering; and high up in the gutters are piled heaps of the plentifully-dispensed commodity—so high, that in places the foot-passengers can hardly see over them. But on the causeway (*Americanicé* 'side-walk') the feet of pedestrians, and in the middle of the street the hoofs of horses and the runners of sleighs, have packed down the smoothest and sweetest of all 'metal' for roads into a hard pavement three or four inches thick, of a dirty dun hue. Out of doors it is cold, but pleasantly cold,—brisk, exhilarating, sparkling,—as if an extra quantity of electricity (and is it not really so?) were abroad in the atmosphere. This sensation is particularly observable during a snow-storm, and renders it absolutely agreeable to walk in one, until the insidious moisture begins to penetrate your garments; but both before and after the actual fall it is plainly perceptible, nor is it now unaided by the musical accompaniment of the sleigh-bells. Everything feels the influence, and goes a head accordingly. Men shuffle and slip along in their Indian-rubber overshoes at a five-miles-the-hour pace. Boys half sliding, half-running, with skates suspended on arm, are hurrying to the nearest ice-pond, or other temporary skating-ground they know of; and sleighs are swarming up and down the street, of all sorts and sizes, from the huge omnibus with its thirty passengers, that lumbers along behind four or six horses, some trotting and some cantering under great pressure of whip, to the light, gaily-painted cutters, with their solitary fur-capped tenants, their embroidered bearskin robes flaunting down behind, and their iron-mouthed, lightning-footed pacers, that seem to draw them entirely by the bit, so slender and all but invisible is the attaching harness. And every now and then passes a family party, a little red or blue about the noses, but very jolly for all that; beautiful girls buried in furs, and glancing from under their wrappings with demure looks of mischief, as if the bells rang for them the tune 'I'm owre young to marry yet'; lots of children, who have always an intense appreciation of the fun; a tall black coachman, all alive to the dignity and responsibility of his position; the large and roomy sleigh decked with buffalo* and black bear and grey lynx robes, red-riband-bound and furnished with sham eyes and ears, so that the carriage resembles a portable menagerie; while the gallant horses, curbed with their heads well out from the pole, are stepping twelve miles an hour and ready to keep up that pace for half the day. The Londoner,

* It would be as pedantic in America to call this animal *bison*, as to speak of "the earth bringing the sun into view," for "the sun rising." "Buffalo" is often used independently for "buffalo-robe," whence they tell a good story of two Englishmen just arrived in Boston. They ordered a sleigh, having heard of such a thing in a general way, without being conversant with the particulars of it. "Will you have one buffalo or two?" asked the hostler. "Why," says Cockney, looking a little frightened, "we'll have only one the first time, as we're not used to driving them."

who in his complacency brags of the carriages and horses of his native city as the finest in the world, should go to New York to learn wisdom in coach-horse-flesh. There he would see many a pair sold for six hundred dollars that a duke would be glad to get for as many guineas. You can scarcely find a carriage-horse that is not a beauty; and they exhibit all varieties of beauty, from the blood chestnut colt, afire in every muscle, yet gentle and tractable amid a crowd of vehicles, to the heavy grey, sixteen-and-a-half hands high, firm as a statue, travelling on with a majestic action and a steady pace. A lover of the noble animal, on arriving here, congratulates himself on having reached the paradise of horses and horsemen, until he resides long enough to require a mount, when the mystery is explained. He finds that all the best horses in the country are trained to harness, and that a good saddle beast is for a gentleman the work of months to find,—for a lady, a very phoenix.

"But there is one particular sleigh to which I must direct your attention—though, indeed, you would be likely to notice it without my doing so, as it sweeps round from one of the side streets, for its style and equipments are in some respects unique. The body is a sea-green shell, not answering exactly to any known species, extant or fossil, but carved out of wood, after a fantastic pattern, something between a scallop and a nautilus, evincing considerable imagination on the part of the designer or builder. And you can see the owner is proud of the idea; for, while all the other sleighs that pass are so hung behind with bear or buffalo robes that you can scarcely discern the color, much less the shape, of their bodies, this one, to show off its peculiar form, and also perhaps to do justice to its crimson velvet lining, has no back-robe at all, the black bear being placed in front instead of the ordinary wild cat or wolf lap skin. The runners are a pale straw color; the harness, which is rather more elaborate than usual for a one-horse sleigh, is adorned with silver crests, and the double-plated bells (suspended by a band of red leather, which encircles the body just behind the saddle of the collar) are acorns instead of the customary walnut pattern. The horse is not exactly such an one as a London exquisite might select for his cab; he has neither commanding stature nor clambering step, finely-arched neck nor gracefully-sweeping tail; but he is 'all horse,' what there is of him, and his points irreproachable for a roadster. He is a dark bay, fifteen hands and a half high, with the compact figure, chunky neck, powerful fore-arm, and projecting hip of a trotter, and he steps fair and square in his gait, without a pause or a hitch anywhere, as a gentleman's trotter should. The portion of the turn-out most open to criticism is the groom, an unmistakable Pat. He has on a Parisian hat, probably a second-hand of his master's; an old pair of fashionably-cut trousers, most likely derived from the same source; a white cravat; and a coachman's greatcoat of dark blue cloth, with huge plated buttons and a crest on them. Such make-shift liveries may be seen all along Broadway on fine days, marring the appearance of the otherwise perfect equipages that congregate before Stewart's, the Howell and James of Gotham. When some enterprising imitators of European customs first introduced liveries, there was a great outcry against them on the part of the sovereign people. They were hooted out of Boston, and remain banished to this day. In New York the hatband has gained a partial and the button a general footing, but the plush has not been able to keep its ground; so that the servants' costume presents a walking allegory of society, part English form and deference, part French affectation and dandyism, part native independence and outward equality."

There is no saying shocks me so much, as that which I hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time. It would have been but ill spoken by Methusalem, in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life.—*Cowley*.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS

In the Islands of Lake Nicaragua, Central America.
Communicated to the American Ethnological Society, by
the Hon. E. G. SQUIER.
(CONCLUDED.)

After toiling for a long time we came suddenly upon the edge of an ancient crater of great depth, at the bottom of which was a lake of a yellowish green, or sulphurous color, the water of which Manuel assured me was salt. This is probably the fact, but I question much if any human being ever ventured down its rocky and precipitous sides. Manuel now seemed to recognise his position, and turning sharp to the left, we soon came to a broad level area, covered with immense trees, and with a thick undergrowth of grass and bushes. There were here some large, regular mounds composed of stones, which I soon discovered were artificial. Around these Manuel said the *freyles* were scattered, and he commenced cutting right and left with his machete. I followed his example, and had not proceeded more than five steps, when I came upon an elaborately sculptured statue, still standing erect. It was about the size of the smaller one discovered at Pensacola, but was less injured, and the face had a mild and benignant aspect. It seemed to smile on me as I tore aside the bushes which covered it, and appeared almost ready to speak. In clearing further I found another fallen figure, but a few feet distant. From Manuel's shouts I knew that he had discovered others, and I felt assured that many more would reward a systematic investigation—and such I meant to make.

I was now anxious to return to the boat, so as to bring my entire force on the ground; and so calling Manuel, I started. Either Manuel took me a shorter path than we came, or else I was a trifle excited and didn't mind distances; at any rate we were there before I expected. The sailors listened curiously to our story, and Juan, like Pedro before him, whispered that "*los Americanos son diabolos.*" He had lived, man and boy, for more than forty years within sight of the island, and had many a time been blockaded by bad weather in the very harbor where we now were, and yet he had never seen, nor ever so much as heard that there were "*freyles*" there!

During our absence a weather-bound canoe, with Indians from Ometepe, discovering our boat, had put in beside us. They were loaded with fruit for Grenada, and "walked into" our good graces by liberal donations of *papayas*, *marignons*, *oranges*, *pomegranates*, *zapotes*, &c. They were small but well-built fellows, much lighter colored than the Indians near Leon, and with a marked difference of features. All have their heads closely shaved, with the exception of a narrow fringe of hair around the forehead extending from one ear to the other; a practice which has become very general among the people. I admired their well-formed limbs, and thought how serviceable half-a-dozen such stout fellows would be among the monuments, and incontinently invited them to accompany us, which invitation they accepted, much to my satisfaction.

Leaving a couple of men to watch the boats, I marshalled my forces, and set out for the "*freyles*." We mustered twenty-four strong, a force which I assured myself was sufficient to set up once more the fallen divinities, and possibly to remove some of them. As we went along we cleared a good path, which, before we left, began to have the appearance of a highway.

While M. commenced drawing the monument which still stood erect, I proceeded with



No. 1.

No. 2.

Engraved by Orr, from the original drawings of Macdonough.

the men to clear away the bushes and set up the others. I knew well that the only way to accomplish anything was to keep up the first excitement, which I did—and I have no doubt my tee-total friends will be horrified at the confession,—by liberal dispensations of *agua ardiente*. But the necessity of the case admitted of no alternative. The first monument which claimed our attention was a well-cut figure, seated crouching on the top of a high ornamented pedestal. The hands were crossed below the knees, the head bent forward, and the eyes widely opened as if gazing upon some object upon the ground before it. A conical mass of stone rose from between the shoulders, having the appearance of a conical cap when viewed from the front. (See fig. 2.) It was cut with great boldness and freedom, from a block of basalt, and had suffered very little from the lapse of time.

A hole was dug to receive the lower end, ropes were fastened around it, our whole force was disposed to the best advantage, and at a given signal, I had the satisfaction to see the figure rise slowly and safely to its original position. No sooner was it secured in place than our sailors gave a great shout, and forming a double ring around it, commenced an outrageous dance, in the pauses of which they made the old woods ring again with their favorite "*hoo-pah!*" I did not like to have my *ardiente* effervescence in this manner, for I knew the excitement once cooled, could not be revived; so I broke into the circle and dragging out Juan by main force, led him to the next monument, which Manuel called the *cannon*. It was a massive cylindrical block of stone, about as long and twice as thick as the twin brother of the famous "*peacemaker*" now in the Brooklyn navy yard. It was encircled by raised bands, elaborately ornamented; and

upon the top was the lower half of a small and neatly cut figure. In the front of the pedestal were two niches, deeply sunk and regular in form, connected by a groove. They were evidently symbolical. Notwithstanding the excitement of the men, they looked dubiously upon this heavy mass of sculpture; but I opened another bottle of the *ardiente*, and taking one of the levers myself, told them to lay hold. A hole was dug as in the former case, but we could only raise the stone by degrees, by means of thick pries. After much labor, by alternate prying and blocking, we got it at an angle of forty-five degrees, and there it appeared determined to stay. We passed ropes around the adjacent trees, and placed falls above it, and when all was ready, and every man at his post, I gave the signal for a *coup de main*. The ropes creaked and tightened, every muscle swelled, but the figure did not move. It was a critical moment, the men wavered; I leaped to the ropes, and shouted at the top of my voice, "*Arriba! arriba!! viva Centro America!*" The men seemed to catch new spirit; there was another and simultaneous effort,—the mass yielded; "*poco mas, muchachos!*" "a little more, boys!" and up it went, slowly, but up, up, until, tottering dangerously for a moment, it settled into its place and was secured. The men were silent for a moment as if astonished at their own success, and then broke out in another paroxysm of *ardiente* and excitement. But this time each man danced on his own account, and strove to outdo his neighbor in wild gesticulation. I interfered, but they surrounded me, instead of the figure, and danced more madly than before, amidst "*vivas*" for North America and "*muerte á los Ingleses!*" uttered in a tone half-demoniac, and which showed the intensity of their hatred. But the dance end-

ed with my patience,—luckily not before. By a judicious use of the ardiente, I managed to keep up their spirits, and by four o'clock in the afternoon, we had all the monuments we could find, ten in number, securely raised and ready for the draughtsman. Besides these we afterwards succeeded in discovering a number of others,—amounting in all to fifteen perfect ones or nearly so, besides some fragments.

The men, exhausted with fatigue, disposed themselves in groups around the statues, or stretched themselves at length amongst the bushes. Wearing myself, but with the complacency of a father contemplating his children, and without yet venturing to speculate upon our singular discoveries, I seated myself upon a broad, flat stone, artificially hollowed in the centre, and gave rein to fancy. The bushes were cleared away, and I could easily make out the positions of the ruined *teocalli*, and take in the whole plan of the great aboriginal temple. Over all now towered immense trees, swathed in long robes of grey moss, which hung in masses from every limb, and swayed solemnly in the wind. I almost fancied them in mourning for the departed glories of the place. In fact a kind of superstitious feeling, little in consonance with the severity of philosophical investigation, began to creep over me. Upon one side were steep cliffs, against which the waters of the lake chafed with a subdued roar, and upon the other was the deep extinct crater, with its black sides and sulphurous lake; it was in truth a weird place, not unfittingly chosen by the aboriginal priesthood as the site of their strange and gloomy rites. While engaged in these fanciful reveries, I stretched myself, almost unconsciously, upon the stone where I was sitting. My limbs fell into place as if the same had been made to receive them—my head was thrown back, and my breast raised; a second, and the thought aroused my mind with startling force—"the stone of sacrifice!" Was it the scene, the current of my thoughts—but I leaped up with a feeling half of alarm. I observed the stone more closely; it was a rude block altered by art, and had beyond question been used as a stone of sacrifice. I afterwards found two others, clearly designed for the same purpose, but they had been broken by the devotees of a rival superstition.

We spent three days here, coming early and returning late. The weather was delightful; and each night when we returned to the boat, it was with an increased attachment to the island. We had now a broad well-marked path from the shore to the ruins, and the idols were becoming familiar acquaintances. The men had given them names; one they called, "*Joro bado*," "the Humpbacked;" another, "*Ojos Grandes*," "Big Eyes."

At night, the picturesque groups of swarthy, half-naked men preparing their suppers around fires, beneath the trees, in the twilight gloom, or gathered together in busy conversation in the midst of the boat, after we had anchored off for the night,—the changing effects of the sun and moonlight upon the water, and the striking scenery around us,—the silence and primeval wilderness,—all contributed, apart from the strange monuments buried in the forest, to excite thoughts and leave impressions which cannot be effaced. Our stay passed like a dream, and when we departed, it was with a feeling akin to that which we experience in leaving old acquaintances and friends.

It is impossible, without engravings and plans, to give any clear comprehension of



No. 3.

these monuments, and I shall not attempt a detailed account of them. They are very different from those discovered by Mr. Stephens at Copan. Instead of the heavy and incongruous mass of ornament with which those were loaded, most of these are simple and severe, and though not always elaborately finished, are cut with great freedom and skill. There is no attempt at drapery in any of the figures; all are what the *dilettanti* call *nudités*. Some are erect, others seated, and still others are in crouching or reclining postures. One which our men called "Gordo," "the Fat," might pass for one of Hogarth's beer-drinkers, petrified. He is seated, or rather thrown back in his seat, with an air of the intensest abdominal satisfaction.

The material, in every case, is a black basalt. A few of the figures, from defects of the stone, have suffered somewhat from the weather, but less from this cause than from the fanaticism of the conquerors. They all bear marks of the heavy sledges, or other instruments, with which the Catholic zealots endeavored to destroy them; but the task was not an easy one, and fortunately for the archaeologist, the massive stones resisted their assaults.

Although the style of workmanship is the same throughout, yet each figure has a marked individuality. I have selected three for the purpose of illustration, of which I inclose you reduced outline sketches.

No. 1 is one of the latest which I discovered, and is the only single figure of an animal

which was found. It was nearly covered with the debris of one of the ruined *teocalli*, and is a colossal representation of what is here called the "tiger," seated upon its haunches. It is very boldly sculptured, and the base or pedestal, it will be observed, is ornamented. A considerable portion of the base, some two feet or more, is buried in the ground. The entire height is eight feet.

No. 2, I have already briefly described above. It is between eight and nine feet high above the ground, and the pedestal is about twenty inches square.

No. 3. This figure was discovered not far from No. 1, and is one of the most remarkable of the entire series. It is upwards of ten feet in height, and represents a very well-proportioned figure, seated upon a kind of square throne, raised five feet from the ground. Above the figure is a monstrous symbolical head, similar to those which surmount the statues in the island of Pensacola. The resemblance to some of the symbolical heads in the ancient Mexican rituals cannot be overlooked; and I am inclined to the opinion that I shall be able to identify them, as also to find the divinities corresponding to these statues amongst the secondary deities of the Aztec Pantheon. The surmounting head is two feet eight inches broad, and is smoothly and sharply worked.

The other figures differ as widely among themselves as those here presented. Some of the larger ones are more laboriously wrought, but less care seems to have been bestowed upon the smaller ones. In fact, a number of the latter are worked upon one side of the stone only, in a kind of high relief.

These monuments, like those of Copan, do not seem to have been originally placed upon the *teocalli*, but erected around their bases. I have some reasons for believing that the early Spaniards threw many of them into the lake of the crater, to which I have elsewhere alluded. Its precipitous walls are only about one hundred yards distant from the *teocalli*. These *teocalli* are composed wholly of stones, but uncemented, and in their rough state. I made some partial excavations, but without any result, except the discovery of much broken pottery. Many of the fragments are painted in bright colors.

With great trouble I succeeded in carrying away two of the smaller statues, which will probably reach New York as early as this letter. One of them represents a tiger springing, with distended jaws, upon the head and back of a sitting figure. I would gladly have taken away with me some of the larger and more important sculptures, but it was a mile to our boat, and without artificial aids, unfortunately not at hand, it was impossible to move them. I, however, lay a proprietary claim, not only to these, but various others which "I wot of," but have not the time to describe to you; and it is not impossible that some of the ancient gods of Zapatera may one day look silently down from their high pedestals upon the busy crowds which pour along the avenues surrounding Union Square, or the Bowling Green? "*Quien sabe!*"

BIBLICAL BOOK-MAKING.

Editors of the Literary World.

GENTLEMEN:—I do not see any good reason why I should not claim my share of the advantage of riddling the Scriptures, though I confess I might have entertained scruples as to being the first to turn their domestic histories into matters of money. We have now reached, in a descending scale, the Young Men of the Bible, and doubtless somebody has designs upon the Young Women;

but I hope I am still in time to undertake the Little Babies, from Cain downwards, with engravings of each, if suitable for graphic delineation, and a Vignette or Frontispiece of Moses in the Ark of Bulrushes.

The volume will be uniform in size with those already issued in the same line (which I would gladly see "stretch on to the crack of doom," if the public continue to buy), the cover elegantly adorned with a golden cradle, as near life-size as possible. Hoping for your countenance and advocacy,

I remain, gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
J. J. SMITH, No. 2.

Music.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

On Thursday evening the German Benevolent Society gave a concert at the Chinese Rooms, in aid of their funds. The programme consisted of Romberg's Song of the Bell, followed in the second part by a duet on the pianoforte, played by Messrs. Dresel and Scharfenberg, a solo on the flute from Herr Siede, songs from Mme. Müller, &c. The cantata was performed principally by amateurs, conducted by M. Eisfeldt, the chief solos being taken by Mademoiselle Klietz and M. Brandt, while M. Timm presided at the pianoforte. Any performance of this nature merits attention, if only as an attempt to popularize good music among us, and music of a class, too, which is often neglected by a seemingly music-loving public. Given by Germans, Romberg's "Lied" was, in this instance, sung with great spirit and vigor, and that full understanding of the subject by which musical Germans are characterized, and it was apparently appreciated by a crowded audience.

A complimentary concert for the benefit of Mrs. S. C. Horn was also given at Niblo's on the same evening; but, in spite of an attractive programme, it was but thinly attended.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Taylor's Choral Anthems" published by HAWLEY, FULLER, AND CO., Utica, is a collection of good anthems, choruses, quartettes, trios, and duets, with a few soli made by this gentleman, author of "Sacred Minstrel," &c., for singing societies and choirs. Several of Mr. Taylor's own compositions are interspersed, and the collection shows care and judgment. Among those marked V. C. T. we may distinguish "Rejoice, the Lord is King," as full of vigor and animation. Well sung it would be admirable, nor is it difficult of execution. His popular duet, "Give me Music," is also reprinted here, with some slight changes. Altogether it is a collection that must be valuable to singers, as combining also the best anthems of the old composers. We do not, however, see the advantage of adopting the old clef for one part, when the ordinary sign of the treble would answer the purpose equally well.

FIRTH, POND, AND CO., have published another number of Gungl's compositions, entitled "Wandering Melodies, Waltzes." They are a good and popular series, attractive to all players. Also another number of the Labitzky and Lanner collection, "The Phoenix Waltzes." We must likewise refer to "The Standard Bearer," a grand march, by F. Brandeis, one that will be a favorite with bands of wind instruments. "Gentle Thoughts" is the title of a ballad issued by Firth and Pond, the music by Rimbault, author of Happy Land, and, like all his melodies, is flowing and graceful, and, in this instance, certainly worthy of better words.

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.—South.

Publishers' Circular.

TO ADVERTISERS.—To facilitate an early publication in the week of the Literary World, and its transmission by the day of publication in New York to the chief Atlantic Cities (an object desirable to advertisers), we would again urge upon our Advertising friends the necessity of an early forwarding of their Advertisements. Where practicable, advertisements should be sent to the office of the Literary World by Saturday, for the paper of the next week. They will be received, however, till Monday, at 4 o'clock. As this is a measure which has been often urged upon us by our Advertisers, especially out of the city, we trust that they will all favor our good intentions in this step, which must result in increased efficiency to the circulation of the Literary World.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. MYERS' well-received novel of the last season, the King of the Hurons, has been announced for republication in London, under the title of its heroine, "Blanche Montaigne."

A translation, by Theodore Martin, of an interesting specimen of Danish Literature, the drama of King René's Daughter, by Heinrich Hertz, is announced by CROSBY & NICHOLS. A version of this play was recently presented among the theatrical performances at Windsor Castle, Mrs. Kean enacting the heroine with great feeling and beauty.

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON have now ready in a superior 12mo. edition, a reprint of the Memoir, Letter, and Poems, of Bernard Barton, recently issued by the poet's family in London.

GOULD, KENDALL, & LINCOLN have now ready AGASSIZ's promised volume on Lake Superior, and the volume of Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

G. & B. WESTERMANN have just completed their issue of Retzsch's Outlines to Shakspeare, from the original plates. This house has also issued an excellent catalogue of German, Classical, and Modern books, which they offer for sale.

A. S. BARNES & Co. have just ready the Rev. Calvin Colton's long-promised "Deck and Port."

BAKER AND SCRIBNER have in press The Lily and the Totem, a tale of the Huguenots in Florida, by W. Gilmore Simms.

A. HART, Philadelphia, has in press "The Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe, by his brother, Geo. Combe," from early sheets forwarded from Edinburgh by the author, and which will shortly be given to the public. Also a volume of Tales and Sketches by Miss Leslie. "The Sea King," a Novel, by the Author of "The Scourge of the Ocean." "Memoirs of the Court of Marie Antoinette," by Madame Campan, with a Biographical Notice by M. De Lamartine. "The Creole; or, Siege of New Orleans," by a Mississippian. "Linda, a Tale of Southern Life," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. "Memoirs of the House of Orleans," by W. Cooke Taylor; being an exact reprint of the London edition published in 1850, in two large volumes, with Portraits of the Duke of Orleans and Louis Philippe." Also cheap editions of "Carlyle," "Jeffrey," and "Mackintosh's Miscellanies," uniform with his cheap editions of "Macaulay's Miscellanies."

MR. PUTNAM publishes this week a Supplement to the Bibliotheca Americana, by O. A. Roorbach, containing over 4000 Titles, comprising books published within the past year, and others which were omitted in the former work. Mr. R. has used great diligence in preparing this book, having sent circulars to some twelve hundred who make bookselling their business, and received returns from nearly three hundred publishers, which has enabled him to make the work very complete. Actively engaged in business as he is, occupying a prominent position in one of the largest publishing houses in the United States, it is surprising how he finds time to accomplish so much, particularly as we know the profits do not compensate him for his labor; he himself says it is a sort of "mania," a wish to see the work complete, that impels him to continue, rather than the profit derived. We hope the Trade at large will encourage this "mania" by ordering his book.

G. P. PUTNAM has just published Cuba and the Cubans; comprising a History of the Island of Cuba, its Social, Domestic, and Political Condition; also its Relation to England and the United States. By the author of "Letters from Cuba." 12mo. pp. 260. Also a cheap edition of Kaloolah, 50 cts.

BAKER & SCRIBNER have in press a work of fiction entitled, Reveries of a Bachelor, by Ik. Marvel. Women's Whims; or, The Female Barometer, by the Author of Picciola. Baconian Philosophy, a new and enlarged edition, by Samuel Tyler.

JAMES MUNROE AND CO. have in press the Prometheus of Æschylus, new edition, revised by Pres. Wolsey; Demosthenes de Corona, 4th edition, with additional notes, by Prof. Champlin, of Waterville College; Herodotus, from Schweighæuser, with notes, 2d edition.

G. P. PUTNAM has in Press, Eldorado; or Adventures in the Path of Empires, by Bayard Taylor, author of "Views a-Foot," &c. &c., with illustrations from drawings by the Author.

THE REV. DR. BLOOMFIELD, well known by his learned labors on the New Testament, has addressed a letter to MR. JOHN MURRAY, respecting Mr. Spencer's book on "The East." We give the letter as indicative, to some extent, of the favor which this interesting volume is likely to meet with in England:—

"MR. JOHN MURRAY:

"Dear Sir,—I beg to return you my best thanks for your polite attention in offering to my acceptance a copy of 'SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND,' by the Rev. J. Spencer, of New York. I take a peculiar interest in whatever is written by intelligent travellers in those parts, especially in so far as their investigations serve to illustrate the Holy Scriptures, to the interpretation of which the main labors of my life have been bestowed. Accordingly, I have gone over with some care and attention the greater part of Mr. Spencer's book; and my impression is that it will be ultimately well received by the reading public in this country as well as in America. It is indeed a work not intended for the learned, but for the great mass of well educated and intelligent persons, by whom it will, I think, be found both instructive (as conveying a great deal of valuable information not easily otherwise attainable), and, especially from its peculiar features, as being conveyed in familiar letters, very interesting. The eleven lithograph plates (which do great credit to the artist) must be interesting, and the map of the Dead Sea, and the plan of Jerusalem, as it now is, must be valuable in the eyes of all persons of every class.

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"From some personal knowledge which I have of the writer, I should say that every dependence may be placed on the complete accuracy of the representations which he makes of the state of things in those countries. Truthfulness, an earnest seriousness and candor, as they form, I believe, the characteristics of the man, so they stamp every page of the writer, whose book will be found especially interesting to Bible students, from the attention of the pious writer having been uniformly directed to the illustration of the Holy Scriptures.

"Upon the whole, I feel assured that you will have no cause to regret having undertaken the republication of the work in this country.

"I am, dear Sir, with much esteem,

"Yours very truly,

"S. T. BLOOMFIELD."

"4 West Terrace, Park Road.
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From the Athenæum of Feb. 2.

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From the London Spectator of Feb. 2.

Mr. Melville's views are of the Peace Congress and Democratic kind, but possessing more force and more logic than we are accustomed to in the platform orators at home. Mr. Melville has served in a man-of-war himself. He practically understands the evils of the system, as well as the evils which a stern discipline must keep down. His tone is sober, and his views are more sensible than the tone and views of the platform sophists, who would not only have lectured Hannibal on the art of war, but Columbus on navigation, Newton on gravitation, or Cook on nautical hygiene.

From the London Atlas, Feb. 9th.

Great has been the company of the Captains who have unfolded to the gentle readers "who stay at home at ease," the mysteries of life on ship board. * * * But all these pictures were sketched from the quarter-deck. Even when the common seaman was made the apparent portrait painter, his perspective referred invariably to that sacred spot where he himself dare not utter a grumbling word, or show a wrinkle of discontent. Mr. Melville draws the same subject, but with the fore-castle for his point of sight. * * * We are now admitted behind the scenes, we see the sunny side of the canvas; we count the tar-buckets, the oil lamps, the dangling ropes, and the grimy workmen, whose services are tasked to form the tableaux that look so agreeably to the spectators standing aft.

From the Literary Gazette, Feb. 9th.

In our opinion, readers will discover that the book is entertaining, and find, from the beginning to the end, that Mr. Melville's yarn has got such a hold of them that they neither wish to bely nor leave it till they have reached the last strand. Almost any extract will serve to illustrate this attractive power. * * * But we trust we have done enough to make *WHITE JACKET* white and popular in the eyes of the general reader.

From the New York Literary World of March 16th.

But we cannot stop at this great portrait-gallery of the man-of-war. They are all there, from the inhabitants of the main top to the old men of the cock pit. Truly is it a world, the frigate, with its thousand picked men, the contribution of every state of life, of every stage of civilization, of each profession, of all arts and callings, but—of one sex. And therein is a significant key to the peculiar position of the "Navy" in the affairs of the race. The man-of-war is divorced from civilization—we will not repeat the stale phrase, from the progress of humanity,—but from humanity itself. How thus divorced, through all the windings and intricacies of the artificial system, *White Jacket* will show.

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